HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 112.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that the regular edition of the paper exceeds

75,000 COPIES,

and that it is the best and cheapest advertising medium in the country. No existing advertising sheet meets so many eyes, or circulates among so select a class of readers. Its circulation is widely diffused throughout the country, North and South; it is read from New Orleans to Quebec, and from Minnesota to Florida.

TERMS.

One copy for one year		....	$2 50
Five copies,	"	"	9 00
Twelve,	"	"	20 00
Twenty-five	"	"	40 00

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE erudite author of the history of American Holidays and Holiday Sports would have been sorry to have lived as long as Valentine's Day, 1859; for, had his life been so far prolonged, he would have discovered how deeply he erred when he said that the day was not honored in the United States. In point of fact there is, perhaps, no country in the world in which more valentines are made, sold, and sent than in the United States; nor in any other, in all probability, is so much money expended in valentines, or so extravagant billets contrived for the day. Last year we gave an illustrated account of the manufacture of valentines. We now subjoin a picture of the arrival of the rural postman at a happy cottage on Saint Valentine's morning. Many of our fair readers will recognize the scene.

It has been for many years fashionable to sneer at the Valentine mania. Certainly there is little to admire in the senseless habit of sending comic or insulting valentines to persons of either sex. Nor can love-struck youths be applauded for spending $10 or $20 in the purchase of a costly valentine for their Dulcinea. But the true old-fashioned valentine—the timid letter in which a youthful lover tries half to conceal half to reveal his identity and his feelings, in verses whose failings will never be detected by their recipient—the sly note on pink or rose-colored paper, which is addressed to Mr. Smith or Brown in handwriting which he surely recognizes, and which spurs him on to the long-deferred avowal—these valentines are surely not obnoxious to criticism, and no kindly person will wish to see them shelved as obsolete.

THE SKATERS.

I STOOD on the frozen river,
Watching the skaters go by;
They were laughing and shouting merrily,
Under the cold gray sky.
Lazily swinging their way along,
Cheerfully singing some snatches of song,
Skimming like birds on the face of the waves,
Swimming like fish in their deep-sea caves.

I saw not an eye but sparkled,
Not a step but was careless and free;
They were laughing and shouting merrily,
And as happy as happy could be.
Carefully staying the speed in their pace,
Warily weighing the chance in a race,
Winging their way through the change in the throng,
Singing the score of the SKATER'S SONG.

Over the ice, like the swallows, I fly,
With light in my heart and light in my eye;
The swiftest of runners their tardiness feel,
When my feet are encased in the glistening steel.
Away I dash,
Like the lightning's flash,
Or the racer under the rider's lash.

Eyes that look out from the loveliest face
Laugh at my follies or smile at my grace;
The life of my blood courses up to the brain,
And the days of my boyhood come to me again.
I look not back,
Though the ice may crack,
For a hundred come like wolves on my track.

Up to the north, in the face of the gale,
Breathless we turn, spreading out for the sail;
A fleet of gay steamers rush down on the wind,
Leaving Time and the sluggards completely behind;
For life but waits,
At pleasure's gold gates,
For the hours we spend on the glorious skates.

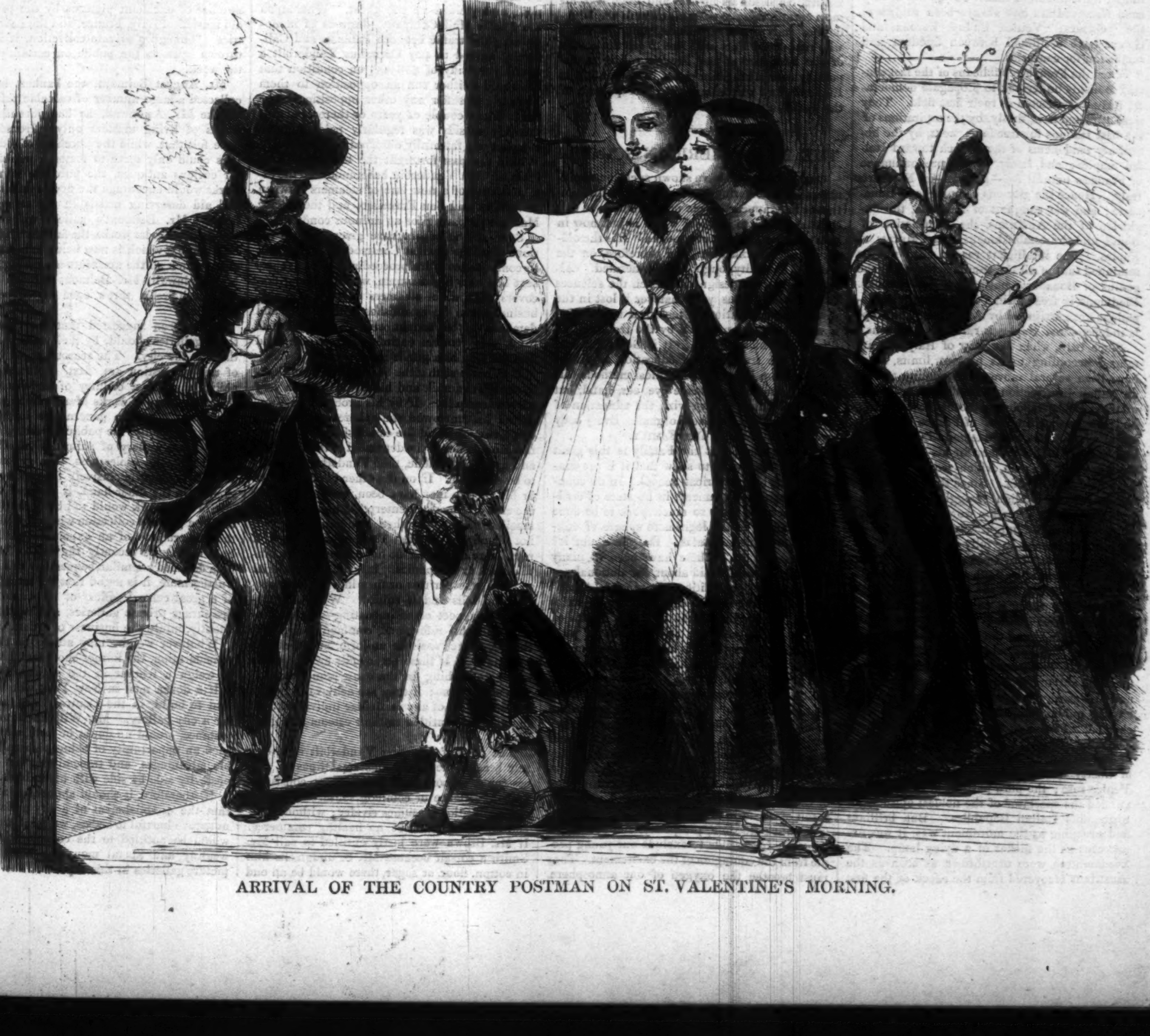
I stood on the frozen river,
Watching the skaters go by;
They were laughing and shouting merrily,
Under the cold gray sky.
Joyfully greeting the calls of a friend,
Heartily meeting the jibes they may send,
Kissing the lips of the loved ones that stay,
Missing the lips of the loved ones away.

There was one in the midst of the skaters,
A beautiful boy of ten,
With a dreamy, dark-eyed beauty,
Who flitted among the men.
Laughingly winning his way along,
Scarcely beginning to feel himself strong,
Stumbling and catching his step from a fall,
Tumbling and rolling about like a ball.

There was one in the crowd of watchers
Who watched the boy in his play,
Whose eye was ever upon him
Whenever he wandered away.
Smilingly gazing at each new start,
Silently praising the child in her heart,
Willing to follow the steps of her boy,
Filling her soul with his frolicsome joy.

I stood in the midst of the skaters,
And looked at it all as a dream;
But my heart was suddenly wakened
With a single death-like scream—
Fearfully filling the chill winter air,
Instantly stilling the song that was there,
Crushing the light from a thousand of eyes,
Hushing in terror a thousand of sighs.

Where is the dark-eyed boy?
And the ever-watching mother?
A shrieking woman clings to her waist,
And her hands are held by another.



ARRIVAL OF THE COUNTRY POSTMAN ON ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING.

Terribly standing, in accents wild,
Idly demanding her beautiful child,
Staring with eyes in a fire-like glow,
Tearing the lace from her bosom of snow.

There is running to and fro,
And the talking of many men;
But an hour goes by before they find
The beautiful boy of ten.
Quietly raising him under their breath,
Earnestly praising his beauty in death,
Putting his limbs in a natural way,
Shutting his eyes from the light of the day.

But the mother has broken her guard,
And lies on the breast of her child;
She is kissing the pallid, oozing lips
That the waters have defiled.
Gloomily pressing the baby-like corse,
Fondly caressing, and mourning her loss,
Trying to waken the voice of the dead,
Crying to God for the soul that is fled.

She has raised the babe in her arms,
Rejecting all offer of aid;
His arm falls over her shoulder,
And his head on her bosom is laid.
Wearily bearing her burden of death,
Tenderly caring as though he had breath,
Creeping along with a staggering pace,
Weeping, and kissing the little pale face.

I stand on the frozen river,
But the skaters no longer go by;
They are gathered in groups at the landings,
Under the cold gray sky—
Woefully talking of what they had seen,
Steadily walking where late they had been,
Running with terror at every sound,
Shunning the spot where the boy was drowned.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

THE STATE OF ITALY.

OUR principal engraving this week represents the leading cities of Northern Italy; for though Turin is nominally the capital of Piedmont, it bears the same relation to Genoa that Albany does to New York. We have thought that our readers, who will hear much of these cities in the course of the next few weeks, would be glad to have some tangible picture of them in their mind.

The Italian question, vexed as it is, is susceptible of a very simple explanation. Northern Italy has for centuries been divided into two parts—that which was subject to "the Empire," meaning Austria, and that which was independent. Both sections have had variable limits. Piedmont, or rather Savoy, has always been free. Milan has always been subject to the "Cæsars;" Venice, Padua, Verona, and Genoa have oscillated between freedom and subjection for centuries.

When the French republicans of the last century foolishly undertook to propagate democracy, Italy was selected as their first field. They were attracted to it, firstly, by the aspirations of the best Italians for freedom; next, by the hereditary tendencies of the French toward Italian empire; and, lastly, by the predominance of France's natural foe—Austria—in Northern Italy. Hence the glorious campaigns of Bonaparte; and the conquest of Sardinia, the expulsion of the Austrians, the humiliation of Rome, and the establishment of the Murats at Naples. The intelligent reader need not be reminded that of all the results achieved by the genius of Bonaparte not a trace now remains. Piedmont is free; Milan is Austrian; the legations are garrisoned by Austrians; the Pope is independent; Naples is ruled by Bourbons.

Since 1815, when the map of Italy was arranged according to its present limits, there have been several movements tending toward an Italian insurrection. In the most famous of these Louis Napoleon's brother lost his life, and the present Emperor of France barely escaped whole. He was indebted to the courage and sagacity of his mother for his rescue from an Austrian dungeon which would probably have held him for life. Since that memorable movement the Italian struggle of 1848 has been the only insurrection worthy of historical note. That affair might have proved fatal to the despots but for the folly of the republican leaders. Initiated by the Pope himself, it was ardently embraced by the best Italians throughout Italy. At Naples, the Bourbon obtained a respite by promising a constitution, which, of course, he never granted. At Rome, a republic was declared; and the Pope, who, poor man, soon found that he could not ride the storm he had aroused, was prematurely despoiled of his temporal authority. In the legations, at Lucca, and in Tuscany, concessions were made to pacify the public, and, as usual, the people were cheated. Piedmont took the lead in the north. The king, Charles Albert, aspired to be King of Italy; and for a time he fought the battle of liberty with as much skill as enthusiasm. Venice rose; the pure patriotism of Marin reminded the spectator of the noblest episodes in Sismondi's Italian Republics. But, brilliant and sweeping as the movement was, it was evanescent as the flicker of a dying lamp. The Piedmontese were overthrown as soon as the Austrians recovered from the shock of the first onslaught. The people of Naples, Tuscany, and the legations, were securely handcuffed at the first symptom of reaction. Venice was quietly smothered. A French legion enabled the Pope to assert his sway over the senseless inebriates and maniacs who fancied they were establishing a Roman republic. And so things fell back into their former state.

Eleven years have elapsed since then. The generation which fought in 1848 are now *hors d'action*, as the French say. The young men whom Piccolomini and Ristori have aroused know nothing of the cost of revolutionary movements, and are eager to meet "the tyrant" at the cannon's mouth. Naples, Rome, Milan, Venice, and Genoa teem with possible revolutionists.

The present King of Sardinia and his Prime Minister, Count Cavour, are men of inordinate ambition. The King's desire is evidently to be crowned King of Italy. To achieve this end he only needs to expel the Austrians from Northern Italy; for, if France were willing, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples would obviously be well pleased to transfer their allegiance to Victor Emanuel. To secure the silent, if not the active, sympathy of France has, therefore, been the first aim of the Sardinian Court. This object has been attained. We know nothing of the details of the bargain as yet. But it can easily be imagined that the Prince Napoleon does not marry the Princess Clotilde *pour ses beaux yeux*—she is a child of fifteen, not very good looking, and not in any way remarkable for intelligence or attractions; he is a man of nearly fifty, *blasé*, and enervated by a life of indulgence. It must be inferred that high inducements have been held out by the King of Sardinia to the Prince; what those inducements were is matter of conjecture. It will, however, be borne in mind that Sardinia is under the Salic law, which prevents females succeeding to the throne; that Victor Emanuel has no son who could succeed him; and that nothing prevents him from appointing the husband of his daughter heir to his throne.

To our mind it seems quite probable that the present development in Italy has been long foreseen and deliberately studied by the Emperor of the French. The military occupation of Rome by the French enables him to dispose at his will of that important section of Italy. By granting aid to Victor Emanuel, in the shape of troops and munitions of war, he can undoubtedly put him in the way of expelling the Austrians from Northern Italy. As to Naples, that will follow as a matter of course, and with the hearty consent of all civilized nations. And if Victor Emanuel has agreed to adopt Prince Napoleon as his son and heir, it is almost certain that the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy is not far distant, and that many who read these lines will live to see the cousin of the Emperor of the French ruling undisputably over a kingdom equal in population to England, and surpassing any other portion of the world in natural resources.

THE BEST AMERICAN SCHOOL.

OUR countrymen have shown such commendable zeal in fostering the interests of education that it may appear a little presumptuous to call their attention to a school which is just now in great danger of being overlooked. It is the oldest school in existence, and therefore, on the score of antiquity, ought to be venerated. Although it is not designed to teach the sciences in their usual forms, yet, whatever is lost in the direct communication of technical knowledge, is more than compensated by the training and discipline which it gives. It is God's agent to awaken the true spirit of education as distinguished from its more mechanical methods. It does not profess to educate eye, ear, hand, but to do something better: viz., the education of the soul that governs these organs. Every body knows that we mean THE FAMILY.

We have said that the Family is this great school, and we wish to show that it is pre-eminently the best American school. In no country, under no government, in no state of civilized society, is there so much work to be done by the family in the legitimate sphere of education as in these States. Do you doubt it? Perhaps you do. There have been so many extravagant things said about our national position and responsibilities that sensible Americans begin to be suspicious of very strong statements. Every day in the year is a Fourth of July to us, if we have any thought to utter about the country and its institutions. But despite of this we believe that this idea will stand any sort of criticism; viz., our boys and girls need a more careful, rigid, thorough home education than the rising generation any where else. They are born to more liberty. They are accustomed to exercise their wills sooner and more vigorously than other children. They are introduced earlier into society; indeed, our babies are public characters. And this state of things can not be helped. It is a necessary result of our form of political life. Where there is so much freedom, prosperity, and activity, it is utterly impossible to exclude our young people from the contagion of the excitement. They must breathe the oxygen of our atmosphere. They must participate in our eager temper, our hot haste, our fevered zeal. But the energy and boldness so characteristic of American childhood can be managed.

What should this best American school teach? All things good, true, and right; but especially the love of law, as the foundation of social character and the security of social relations. Home is the place to develop this spirit. A child's first knowledge of authority is in connection with kind affections; it is part and parcel of its welfare; and besides all this, it has the instinct of submission. Here is the provision of nature for a loyal, orderly citizen; and if it be properly cultivated, reverence for the state will naturally grow out from this root. Our mobs commence at the fireside; their second stage is the street violence of bad boys; and their after results follow in due order of succession.

Other things are also to be taught in this school. The great vices, that are so rapidly increasing in our midst; the unbridled passions; the private licentiousness; how are these to be arrested so long as domestic nurture is neglected? Public opinion never has been able to diminish these enormities. Nor can other reformatory agencies do much more than abate their palpable evils. Social habits are to be formed by home education; temptations to vice are to be forestalled by its divine influence; or the character is exposed to ruin. But we must not stop here. All virtue needs earthly supports as well as religious aids. The principles of economy, prudence, contentment, self-reliance, must be instilled at home. If they are acquired in business they will always be more or less vitiated. The hard, selfish spirit will predominate in them. There is a marked difference between those who form these habits on worldly considerations and by worldly means and those who have learned them amidst the sanctities of domestic life. So, too, with courtesy, politeness, benevolence. The nobler and purer types of these beautiful sentiments are developed at the table, around the fireside, and in the daily offices of love.

THE PACIFIC STEAM QUARREL.

THERE is a Steamboat Company known by the name of the Pacific Mail, which carries passengers and mails between Panama and San Francisco. This Company, once upon a time, waged a fierce contest for business with the Nicaragua Transit Company, whereof Cornelius Vanderbilt was the founder and back-bone, and which had steamers plying between San Juan del Sur and San Francisco. In process of time the Nicaragua Company fulfilled its destined purpose, and yielded up the ghost. Whereupon the Pacific Mail Company, desirous of monopolizing the traffic between Panama and California, agreed to pay Cornelius Vanderbilt a monthly subsidy of $56,000, on condition that he would neither run an opposition to them himself nor suffer any other opposition to be run. For a couple of years or thereabout this monthly subsidy was regularly paid, and the compact was faithfully observed by Vanderbilt. Within the past fortnight the treaty has been broken. Mr. Vanderbilt has announced the establishment of a new line of steamers between New York and San Francisco, and the Pacific Mail are preparing for an arduous conflict.

Some of the papers have given vent to furious diatribes against Commodore Vanderbilt in consequence of his proceeding. They represent him as a highwayman, who no sooner discovers any line of steamers doing a profitable business than he establishes a rival line, and demands to be bought off. These journals think this conduct entirely unjustifiable, and describe him as a public nuisance.

It seems to us that the question between Commodore Vanderbilt and his rivals lies in a very narrow compass. If by his proceedings Vanderbilt has narrowed the sphere of American enterprise, or aided the establishment of corporate monopolies to the detriment of the traveling and trafficking public, then Vanderbilt deserves to be censured. If, on the other hand, whatever his motive may have been, he has widened the area of American enterprise, and resisted or assailed monopolies, then Vanderbilt deserves not blame but credit. The public at large, it must be remembered, do not care a rush for individuals or companies. It is quite immaterial to them whether this or that individual or corporation fails and is ruined. What they desire—in respect of steamboating—is that vessels shall run safely and commodiously, that the departures shall be uniform, and the fares reasonable. If these great ends are achieved, they care nothing for the consequences to private speculators; if they are achieved through the endeavors of any particular individual, that individual is entitled to their esteem and gratitude.

The idea of depicting Vanderbilt as a corsair because he establishes rival lines to successful steamboat companies is not consistent with experience or common sense. Commercial civilization presumes rivalry; without competition there could be no healthy commerce. If Mr. Brown were justly entitled to call Mr. Smith a corsair because Mr. S. undersells him in cotton, flour, or sugar, there would be an end to commercial enterprise. If the proprietors of *Harper's Magazine* were to appeal to the papers to denounce the founders of every new magazine as pirates because they entered into competition with them, periodical literature would soon cease to flourish. It is because competition is free—because it is encouraged in every branch of trade and enterprise—that this country has become rich and prosperous. Check competition, discourage rivalry, brand every man who undertakes to compete with a rival as a corsair and pirate, and the result will be that there will be no competition, no rivalry, and, as a necessary consequence, no enterprise and no bulwark against grasping monopolies.

The Pacific Mail Company enjoyed no natural monopoly of their route. It was naturally open to the world. They chose to purchase the monopoly thereof; they acted unwisely, we think, but no one can blame Mr. Vanderbilt for selling what they wanted to buy. Now the bargain is at an end, and all parties are free to compete. Who shall say that this is a consummation to be regretted? Already we see that the fares are reduced fifty per cent. Is this so disastrous? The Pacific Mail has been paying over twenty per cent. per annum in dividends. Shall we all put on sackcloth if they only hereafter earn ten per cent., and meanwhile people are enabled to travel to California at half the rates which used to be paid in the days of the exorbitant monopoly?

SHALL NEW YORK HAVE A PUBLIC GALLERY OF PAINTINGS?

A VERY nice question, involving municipal patriotism and an intelligent regard for the fine arts, has lately been raised in this city. Every one knows that the city possesses no public gallery of paintings. Within a few years, however, several private galleries have been gathered together, which, if united, would constitute a very fair nucleus for a public collection.

Mr. Bryan, a gentleman deeply imbued with a reverence for art, has gathered a very curious collection of old paintings. He has in his gallery fair examples of every school and every age of art from Giotto to the present day. Many of his paintings may appear apocryphal; very few rise to the dignity of first-rate art; but on the whole the collection is curious as a sort of chronological series. He has for several years exhibited his collection, charging visitors a small fee for admission.

Mr. William H. Aspinwall, the well-known merchant, has spent a large sum of money in the purchase of ancient works of art. His gallery is now complete. It is said to contain a number of excellent pictures by the principal old masters of Italy, France, and the Low Countries. Though a private collection, it is to be thrown open to the public on certain days of the week.

Mr. August Belmont, the banker, has also collected a large number of valuable paintings. Unlike Mr. Aspinwall, he has purchased the works of living masters only. He seems to have felt that, while the purchase of old paintings could only serve to foster a morbid taste for curious antiques, the purchase of modern works would encourage the development of art, and aid deserving artists in the struggle for fame. Mr. Belmont's gallery will include, among other great works, the famous "Niagara," by Gignoux, which is now being exhibited, and about which all the amateurs are raving. Like Mr. Aspinwall, Mr. Belmont will, on certain days each week, throw open his collection to the public.

It has been suggested that the owners of these galleries should, by their wills, bequeath them to the city. The reasons urged in favor of this suggestion are, first, the strong probability that, in a country of vicissitudes like this, no gallery of works of art can be expected to remain over two generations in the same family; secondly, the public advantage of having a great gallery of paintings in this city; and, lastly, the uselessness, as a general rule, of galleries kept exclusively for private inspection. On the other hand, it is urged that the city of New York would not be decently grateful for a gift of a collection which would involve the construction of an expensive building to hold it. Quite recently the city of Philadelphia declined a similar bequest on this ground. Furthermore, it is urged that the establishment of a great central gallery of art would tend to discourage private galleries, and would, consequently, injure the business of artists.

Whatever weight may attach to the latter consideration, the former should not be suffered to weigh a feather in the scale. There are half a dozen men in New York who could afford to build, in the Central Park, an edifice for a city gallery. Mr. William B. Astor, for instance, would no doubt be delighted to have such an opportunity of using his wealth to noble advantages, and transmitting his name to posterity side by side with his father's.

If, therefore, it should appear, on reflection, that the establishment of a city gallery would not prove hurtful to artists, we think the scheme would be entitled to the consideration of the wealthy and liberal men who have collected picture galleries in this city.

THE LOUNGER.

A SINGLE WORD.

The Lounger presents his compliments to his numerous correspondents, and begs them not to lose patience, but to believe that in due season all their favors will be acknowledged.

Of course he knows that an editor's due season is very different from that of an author, and that every correspondent naturally supposes a Lounger to have nothing to do but be grateful for the letters he gets, and say that he is so.

The truth is, the Lounger wants to say so much himself that he probably yields to the common selfishness (which we always suppose to be extenuated by being confessed), and, having the matter all in his own hands, gives himself the best start. He is not even as fair as the famous clergyman on a wrecking coast, who was in the midst of his sermon, one Sunday, when news was brought of a fat ship drifting upon the shore. The congregation rose at once to rush to the beach, but the worthy pastor called upon them to remain seated. Then descending the pulpit-stairs, he marched through the broad aisle to the door, and there gathering up his gown, he suddenly cried out, "Now, brethren, let's all start fair!"

The Lounger locks his parish into the pews, so that they can not start fair.

But then his correspondents ought to remember that he is the scape-goat for all their short-comings. "How *could* you print A's note?" inquires B. "If such stuff as C sends to the Lounger is to be published I shall stop the paper," says D. "You're a pretty judge of literary excellence, letting all the man-milliners in the country pass muster," writes E. "Why not give us something original, brilliant, learned, and witty," writes F, "and not suffer all the crows in the country to caw through your columns?"

So the Lounger again bespeaks patience, and promises to do all that he can do to carry the load laid upon him. If your letter is not noticed this week, nor even the next, or the week after, the fourth week will probably bring it to light.

"But I don't choose to wait four weeks!"

Ah! Sir, or Madame, you are the very person to learn how excellent a virtue patience is.

HOW TO DO IT.

"The Chesterfield Club presents its compliments to the Lounger, and would thank him to express an opinion upon the following question: If a gentleman occupies a seat in a railroad-car with his wife, or any other lady, and a lady, traveling alone, finds no seat, do good manners require him to rise and offer her his seat? An early reply will greatly oblige."

Whatever theoretical good manners may require in such a case, it is very easy to see what good-nature requires. The Chesterfield Club can perhaps be assisted to a solution by another supposition. Suppose a man, under the above circumstances, upon arriving at a certain station, is obliged to leave the train, while his wife must change cars. Upon entering the other train she can find no seat, but there are plenty of gentlemen occupying seats with other ladies. Would her husband have any doubt as to what those gentlemen ought to do?

In questions of this kind it is always necessary to imagine what you would do, or think you ought to do, if your neighbor's bull were goring your ox. When your bull is the aggressor there is nothing easier than to regret that he should be contentious, and with such sharp horns, too!

The Lounger is perfectly aware of the trials to which his fellow-men are subject *in re* ladies and seats. He knows as well as any body the Arctic complacency with which they settle into seats which are evidently already engaged. Only yesterday he beheld a large lady, expansively hooped, quietly lay aside a gentleman's shawl and traveling-bag, and plant herself upon the seat, fairly overflowing it with crinoline, and her own shawls and furs; then take out two or three books, select one to read, lay the rest by her side, and fall to the perusal. The occupant of the seat presently entered, scarcely looked surprised (probably he was an old traveler), in the most courteous manner requested permission to remove his garments, upon which the fair buccaneer was partly sitting, and, making a low bow, removed to a neighboring seat—which the pretty pirate ought to have taken.

Yet this hooped marauder was evidently of the class *lady*, and was reading *The Autocrat*. But like an actor accustomed to applause, she was probably used to the most absolute surrender of time and place upon the part of her worshipers. It was all a matter of course to her. Ladies are to sit, at any cost of inconvenience to any body, no doubt entered her mind; and yet to a complacency of observation as Arctic as her own conduct, that conduct was purely selfish.

Apply the rule indicated before, and what man would have wished his wife to do likewise?

There is, however, but one thing to say. Whatever may be the provocation, no gentleman will cease to be a gentleman because a lady may sometimes forget that she is a lady. It is much pleasanter, to be sure, to be rewarded for doing our duty by sweet smiles and kind glances and gentle words. But those are all works of supererogation. It is pleasanter, too, to the soldier to have Beauty wave her handkerchief and throw flowers from the window as he returns from hard fighting. But does he make his fighting depend upon the flowers? No, no. Patriotism expects every man to do his duty; and, gentlemen of the Chesterfield Club, to whom the Lounger returns his most respectful compliments, honor expects every gentleman to show the most thoughtful kindness in every action of his life.

GOOD MANNERS.

The question of the Chesterfield Club suggests the inquiry, What are good manners? May not a man have the best heart and the worst manners in the world? Have not *roués*, swindlers, duelists, and the worst part of society singularly good manners?

But what is the real charm in all these cases? Is it merely the grace and elegance of deportment? No; that is only the shell—it is not the pearl. The essential charm is the kindness and sympathy expressed by that grace and elegance. It may be the thing, or it may be only a successful affectation of the thing, but this is the substance. A man of generous and quick sympathies may put his knife in his mouth and his spoon in the sugar-bowl, may pick his teeth with his fork and belch in a railroad car, and you can not possibly praise such performances. His neighbor may be plotting how to pick your pocket, while he carefully eats with his fork and wipes his mouth daintily with a napkin, and is neither too familiar with you nor too reserved. But in the latter case, while you applaud the manners, you feel that they are agreeable only because they stand for the real qualities that the first man possesses.

The manners of the last man are only apparently good. They are insincere, and the moment you perceive that, they are disgusting, however smooth they may be.

If, then, a man would have fine manners, which are flowers, let him cultivate kind feelings, which are roots. Veneer and gilding, however pretty at first, are sure to wear off by-and-by. The gentleman so bland and gracious at dinner picked your pocket, and kicked his wife when he got home. You may not do either (although, possibly, even you and the Lounger have private little peccadilloes); but you are not in the way of avoiding such performances because you are trying to cultivate good manners, unless you know what good manners spring from. Don't tie roses upon dead sticks. The roses, too, will be dead to-morrow morning. But put a green slip in the ground; water it and cherish it; let the soft south wind blow, and the dew of the June heaven fall upon it: it may not bear roses to-morrow, but next year it will blossom, and in the following years bloom all summer long.

MR. DICKENS COMING.

It was first suggested in the editorial columns of *Harper's Weekly* that Charles Dickens would probably return to this country to read his stories in public.

Indeed, while the great novelist finds it so lucrative to read what he has written, he will hardly write any thing else for the world to read for itself. According to the wont of the author, it is now quite time for the announcement of a new serial by Mr. Charles Dickens; and a universal public interest as "the consekens of the manoover," as the elder Mr. Weller remarked of his son Samuel at a certain interesting epoch of his life.

Since the suggestion in the *Weekly* the story has become more and more probable, until it would be no just matter of surprise to hear that he had taken passage, and would be among us with the next fall of the leaf. With his intention of reading he would hardly come in the spring or summer.

And what a different coming it will be! Certainly, as no dead author ever had such an ovation as that of Burns a few weeks since, so no living author ever occasioned such a jubilee as Dickens upon his American visit. Carlyle grinned and growled at it, and had a little sneer at Schnauspiel, the distinguished novelist, in his "Past and Present." But it was a generous, hearty, and noble enthusiasm. We all acted very foolishly; but then we are doing that all the time with rarely so good an occasion and excuse.

How Boz was wined and dined! How he was danced and apostrophized! How gay he was in his red waistcoats, and how glad we were that he was a jolly good fellow, and that we were the boys to show him a new wrinkle or two!

Then he wrote his book, and how merrily he laughed at what he thought laughable! And oh! then how savage we were! And how savage we have been growing ever since! And how unreasonable he has been in his prefaces! And how we shouted, "Told ye so!" when his domestic troubles came to light.

—Yes, it will be a very different coming. The boy of those days, for he was scarcely thirty, is a man now. The long, glossy, profuse hair is thinner now and gray. The full, smiling eyes have seen much sadness since they saw us. The bloom of youth is changed now to another complexion.

He comes, too, as an old love, and we Americans are not fond of our past idols. And even though he came as young and blooming as at first, a vast prejudice will greet him and accompany him throughout his tour.

It is partly old and partly new. But in regard to the new part of it—that which concerns his domestic affairs—let us remember that we all know nothing except what he has told us. Anonymous letters are of no account in forming an opinion. There has been a difference of some kind between Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, and with the consent of their oldest children, and mutually thinking it the best thing, they have separated.

It is simply impossible for any outsider to lay down general rules in the dark. Undoubtedly it *is* best that, under some circumstances, there should be a separation. Who of us knows the circumstances in this case? There are plenty of rumors and theories; but how would any man who reads this like to be judged in another country upon such intelligence as we have about the troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens?

If he comes, therefore, let us be at least as just as we were generous before. That general popular enthusiasm can not be repeated. There is no Park Theatre left. Perhaps—we will not argue the point—perhaps Dickens has himself squandered the love of a nation. But he is still the great author—still the story teller at whose feet we sit delighted—still the cheerful voice of hope and the future in our literature. He is still Walter Scott's great successor, and one of the great names of the time. There is no fear of his popular success. There is no doubt that he will create as great an excitement by his reading as Jenny Lind by her singing. It is not from that consideration that we speak. It is in the hope that, while we applaud the brilliant and delightful reader who entertains an hour, we will not be unjust to the man who has cheered and strengthened our lives.

"Ah, Father Francesco, as I was hurrying with a loaf of bread and cup of wine to a starving man, I heedlessly trod upon the foot of the high Don Sang D'Or, and he cursed me for a clumsy fellow."

"Son," replied the Padre, "let it be thy comfort that God forgave that sin to the Don by reason of thy holy charity to the beggar."

—Do you read Spanish?

"Dear Lounger,—This legend is well told by Mr. Brace in his book on Norway. I have put it into rhyme, and, in the words of the basket-maker, 'I wished it much to ofer you, but now so much afrait. And so hear ar!'

"Yours, O. L. R.

"Nightingale House."

THE NECKEN.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

The storm rack drove across the sky,
The mountain wind wailed mournfully
Along the dreary vale;
But wilder yet than wind or cloud,
Now sobbing faint, now swelling loud,
Came music on the gale.

The priest was hastening from the storm,
His fireside hearth glowed bright and warm
Far on the winding way;
He shuddered as he heard the strain,
And grasped his trembling palfrey's mane,
And hardly dared to pray!

Sudden he paused in fear and awe,
For by the shadowed stream he saw
A figure bowed with weeping;
The arms were folded in despair,
Drooping the face and golden hair,
In pain that knew no sleeping.

Hark! the wild song burst forth again,
The wistful, sad, and yearning strain,
Loving, yet hoping never;
But the priest felt no pitying grace,
And sternly said, "Forsake this place,
Spirit unblessed, forever!"

Then with a shriek, as though a whole
Eternity swept o'er his soul,
The spirit seized his rein:
"Oh, holy man! who God may see,
Is there forgiveness, then, for me,
Or everlasting pain?"

Contemptuously his lip he curled,
And answered, "He who made the world
Will never pardon *thee!*
As well expect the staff I bear
Will spring's own buds and blossoms wear,
Once more a fragrant tree!"

Scarce had he spoke the word unkind
When swelling buds broke through the rind,
And leaves waved green and full!
All spring's sweet miracle was there,
And starry flowers perfumed the air—
Than man more merciful!

Then the priest melted into tears;
"And have I lived so many years,
And never known my God?
Thou from whose *law* I never swerved,
And vainly deemed I rightly served,
Father! I kiss thy rod!

"And oh! may love's pure blossoms start
Even from my cold and arid heart,
And make a spring-time there;
That yet my sinful soul may know
Sweet pity's utmost overflow
For sorrow and despair!"

With one strong blast the clouds were rent,
Flooding the western firmament;
The sunset glory shone.
And, full of chastened joy, arose
A song that breathed a soul's repose,
Whose weary pain had flown.

* * * * * * *

Oh why, with sins to be forgiven,
Would we usurp the keys of heaven,
Excluding one another?
Why, in the world God loves so well,
Would we ourselves *create* a hell
For him we call our brother?

Oh for Burns' kind, relenting faith,
For sweet St. Martin's summer breath,
Origen's tender soul!
A Milton's pity, deep, though stern,
Could even for rebel angels yearn
Beyond his creed's control.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Some time since there was published in the *Weekly* an interesting and valuable account of the various and unsuccessful efforts made by Miss Blackwell, now the head of the Women's Hospital in this city, to obtain proper medical instruction in any medical school of good repute. She finally succeeded in Geneva, New York, and is now, with several others of her sex, engaged in the practice of the profession.

There is something so eminently fit in committing the practice of certain branches to the hands of women that it is singular it should ever be questioned. Even among the Greeks and Romans, who had no very profound respect for the sex, those departments of treatment which peculiarly concern women were mainly occupied by them, and it is only since the days of Queen Anne that they have been as uniformly in the hands of men.

A communication in one of the daily papers recently mentioned an instance of several women who had applied for admission to the surgical operations of the Bellevue Hospital in this city, and who, upon being admitted, had been exposed to the insults of the young gentlemen in long hair, spectacles, and sallow cheeks, who usually grace those occasions with their presence. The professors, or one of them, at least, insisted that the insults should cease, and we hope they did so.

Now it is not a rash assertion that every woman who devotes herself to mastering medical and surgical science is terribly in earnest. The impediments are too serious for any trifling or undecided woman. If she resolves to undertake it, it is because she feels that special aptitude for the profession, which is all the calling that any human being can have for any pursuit; and of the exquisite skill, tact, and knowledge which may be combined with the proverbial firmness and patience of women in sickness and suffering, let the Lounger bear grateful testimony. There is nothing more to be desired in our modern social organization than that the treatment and care of women in certain crises peculiar to them, should be intrusted by universal public confidence to women themselves.

It is a confidence that can only be slowly extorted from the public. But there are brave women enough to do it, and then we shall all wonder it had ever been otherwise.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

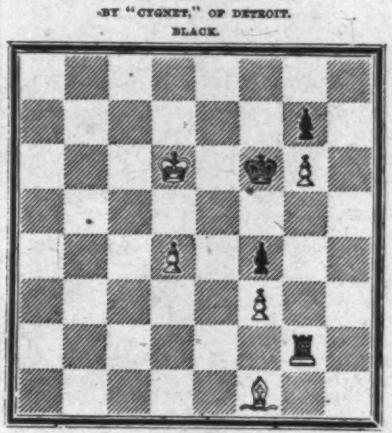
BY C. H. STANLEY

☞ Answers to correspondents unavoidably crowded out.

PROBLEM XVI.

BY "CYGNET," OF DETROIT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

ENIGMA IV.

BY R. F. M., OF BOSTON.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

White.—K at K Kt 2. Q at K Kt 8. B at Q B 4. Kt's at K R 7 and Q Kt's 3. P's at K 3 and K B 2.

Black.—K at K 5. Q at Q R 6. R's at Q 2 and Q Kt 3. B at K R 7. Kt at Q Kt 7. P's at K R 3, K Kt 5, K B 3, and K 4.

ENIGMA V.

BY "HARRY GREY."

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

White.—K at Q. Q at Q B 8. B's at K B 4 and K B 7. Kt at K 2.

Black.—K at K 5. Q at Q Kt 5. R at Q R 6. B at K 8. Kt's at K B and K B 6. P's at K B 3 and Q Kt 6.

Chess in Illinois.—A late number of the Chicago *Sunday Leader*, embracing Mr. Louis Paulsen's fourth article as Chess editor, affords the most gratifying intelligence as to the progress of Chess in Illinois. We therein learn that a match by telegraph between the respective clubs of Chicago and Quincy was then in progress; the second game of which, with Mr. P.'s own notes, we now print. It is a truly beautiful specimen of Chess play, and highly creditable to its conductors on either side.

We likewise learn that Mr. Paulsen himself has been engaged in an encounter, also by telegraph, single-handed, against the entire strength of the Quincy Club; and up to last accounts had won the only two games played. In the latter instance the time for moving was limited to ten minutes, and the game progressed much faster even than that! (Bravo! Paulsen.)

QUINCY.	CHICAGO.
Ernest Morphy,	*J. Morgan,*
E. A. Dudley,	*P. A. Nicholson,*
John Tilson,	*H. Kennicott,*
A. Pearson.	*S. Turner.*

(*Evan's Gambit.*)

	White.	Black.
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3.	B to B 4	B to B 4
4.	P to Q Kt 4	B takes Kt P
5.	P to Q B 3	B to R 4
6.	P to Q 4	P takes P
7.	Q to her Kt 3	Q to K B 3
8.	Castles	P to Q 3 (a)
9.	P takes P	B to Q 2
10.	P to Q 5	Kt to Q sq
11.	B to Kt 2	Q to R 3
12.	P to K 5	Kt to K 2 (b)
13.	Q Kt to B 3 (c)	Castles
14.	Kt to K 4	Kt to K B 4
15.	Q R to Q sq	Kt to R 5
16.	Q B home	Q to Kt 3
17.	Kt checks (d)	P takes Kt
18.	Kt takes Kt	Q to Kt 5
19.	P to K 6	P takes P
20.	R to Q 3	Q takes Kt (e)
21.	P takes P !	B takes P
22.	B takes B (ch)	K to R sq
23.	R to R 3 (f)	Q to K 5 (g)
24.	K B to B 4	Q to K 2
25.	Q B to R 6	R to B 2 (h)
26.	R to Kt 3	B to Kt 3
27.	B takes R	Q takes B
28.	R to K sq	B takes P (ch)

White wins.

Notes.

(a) This is the usual move, but not the strongest—we prefer B to Kt 3.

(b) Much better than taking the Pawn.

(c) White prudently brings his Q Kt into play before proceeding with his operations.

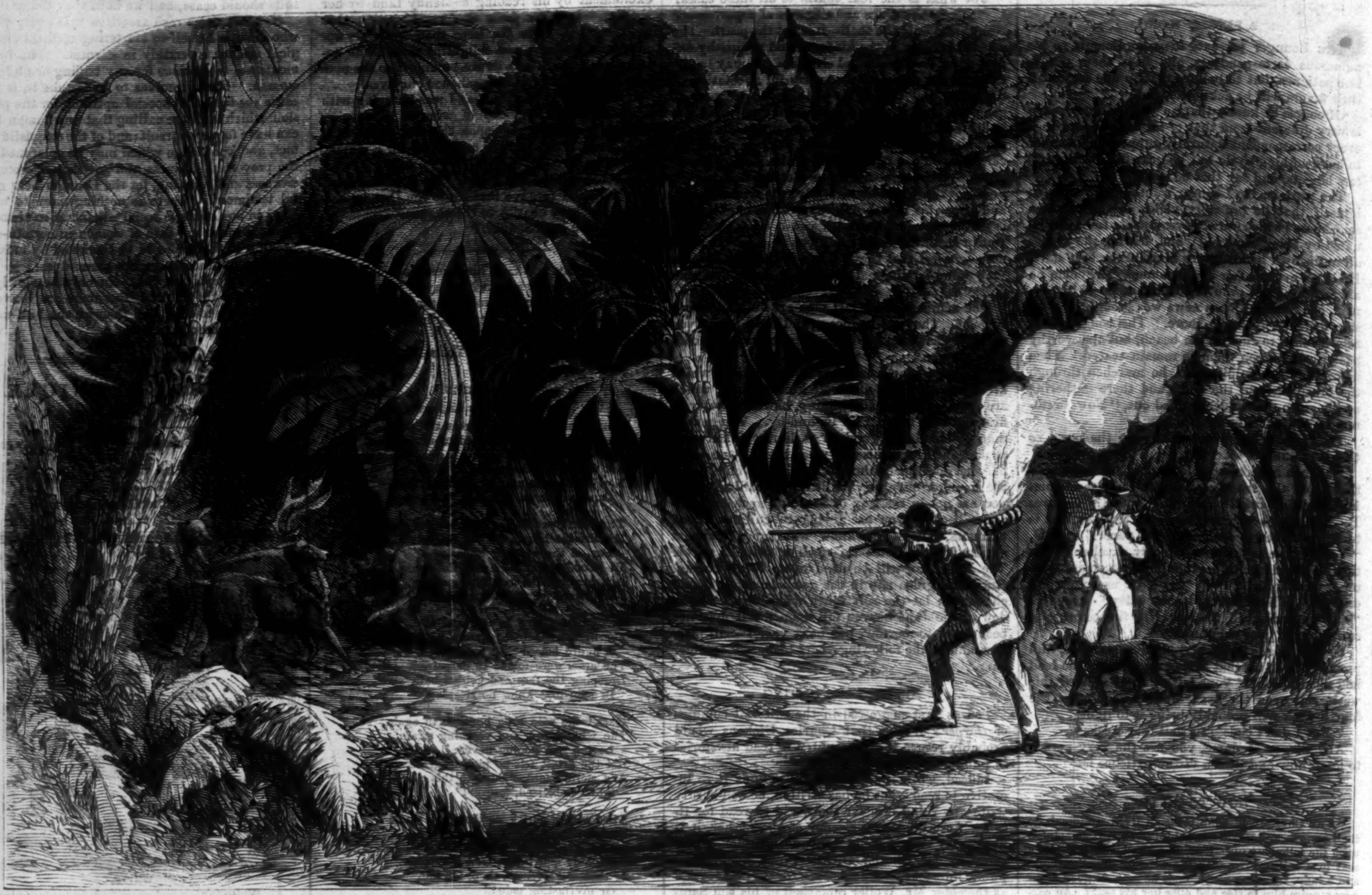
(d) A very pretty move.

(e) K to B 2 might have prolonged the defense.

(f) All this is remarkably well played.

(g) If Q to Q Kt 5, mate follows in four moves.

(h) They have nothing better.



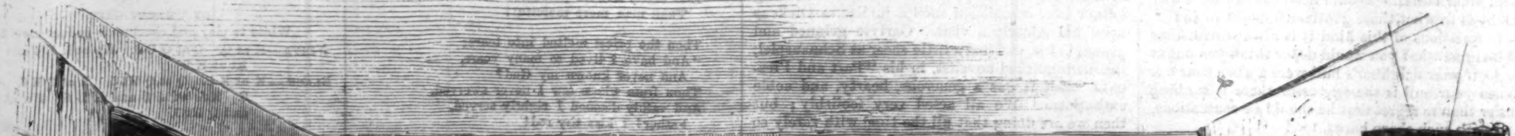
A FIRE-HUNT IN GEORGIA.

A FIRE-HUNT IN GEORGIA.

An attentive correspondent in Georgia sends us a sketch from which the accompanying engraving of a fire-hunt in Georgia was made. Hunting deer by fire-light is well known to be one of the most interesting sports of the South; it may be a novelty to many of our readers, and we therefore give our correspondent's letter in full. He says:

"We usually ride with a servant behind to carry a bag of chipped light wood and a hatchet, with a fleet dog, tied. If the dog is a cur, we tie a small bell round his neck to tell when and where he has caught the deer.

"Immediately on shooting, if the deer be not killed on the spot, we let the dog go, and soon the bleatings of the wounded deer are wafted on the still breeze of night to the listening sportsmen. Mounting our horses, we hurry to the spot. At first but one eye is seen, when we dismount cau-

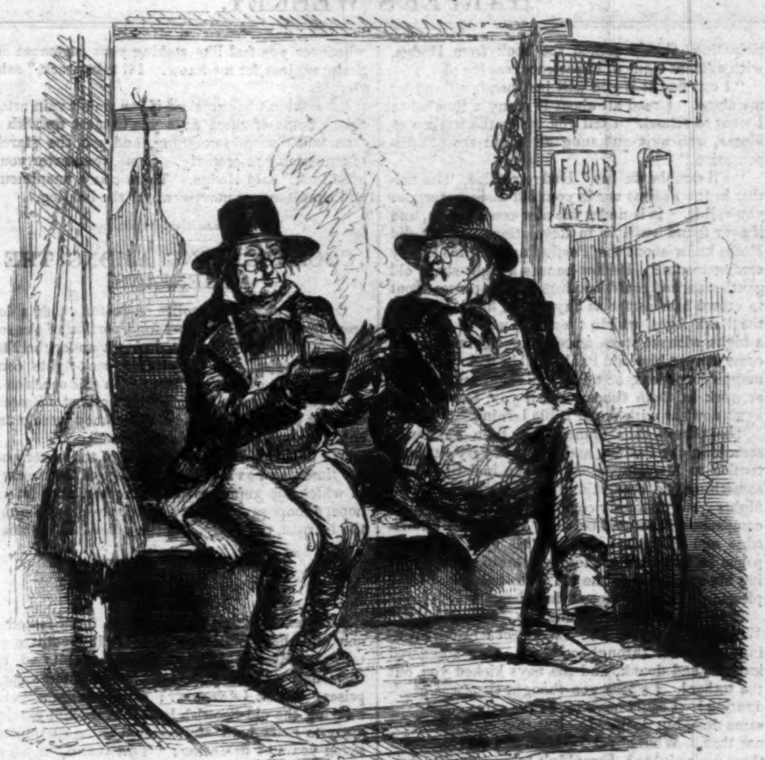


DISCOVERY OF THREE HALF-STARVED ALMS-HOUSE CHILDREN IN THE ROOM OF A HIRED NURSE, 152 EAST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET.—[See next Page.]

tiously, secure our horses, add light wood to our fire to increase its brilliancy and reflection, and slowly advance, taking care to get the wind of the deer, as they throw up their heads very high to catch the scent of the approaching huntsmen. As soon as the bright twinkling star-like eye separates into two of the natural size and distance apart, we aim a little below for the breast, and fire. With a bright light I have seen the whole bodies of two large bucks.

"The fire is carried in a frame-work made of iron hoops secured to a rim of the same, and that attached to a light staff, passed over the left shoulder, the left arm over the end ready to grasp the gun and steady the aim, resting the gun on the end of the staff and throwing the light directly on the deer. The torch is never carried in front of the sportsman; to see a deer or its eyes the light must be carried behind the person who is going to shoot, and the reflection thrown as far as the deer, right over the sportsman's head, by elevating and casting around the blazing pan.

"It is surprising how deer will gaze at a moving light and allow the huntsman to approach, if he has the wind of him, until he can see the whole body. I have heard of a group of deer being fired into by fire-light, and one being killed and floundering about, the others were so alarmed that they bounded immediately for the person having the light and knocked him down, light and all. They seem to depend more on their keen scent than on their large glossy eyes to avoid a sportsman; and when closely pursued by the exciting, animating, deep-toned voices of a stanch pack, will suddenly stop, throw up their antlered heads, snuff the breeze all around to ascertain the position of the sportsman, and then sneak off or bound away in an opposite direction, eluding his fire, evincing more than instinct and something nearly allied to reasoning powers; for a few paces further forward would have proved fatal to them."



"IT'S THE FIRST TIME YOUR BIBLE LARNING EVER BRUNG YOU THE NEEDFUL."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

HOW THE ALMS-HOUSE CHILDREN ARE REARED.

WE illustrate on the preceding page the scene which presented itself in the tenement house No. 152 East Thirty-fourth Street, at the time of a recent visit paid thereto by Mr. Barker.

The occasion of the visit was simply as follows: Mr. Barker had had in his employ a girl named Mary Fitch, who was intimate with an old woman named Carlock, living at 152 East Thirty-fourth Street. During the time that Mary Fitch was in his service, Mr. Barker lost much household property, linen, plate, etc. Having reason to suspect that Fitch and Carlock were concerned in the robbery, Mr. Barker, in company with an officer of the independent police, made a descent upon her room, and there discovered part of the missing property. He found, besides, three children in cradles, who, as Mrs. Carlock stated, were Alms-house children given to her to board at one dollar a week.

These unfortunate little creatures were evidently famishing of hunger. Their emaciation no words can express. Our artist's picture, painfully truthful as it is, can but feebly render the sickening condition of the poor little objects. None of them had any flesh on their bones. One of them had a sore on its arm. Animal instinct had taught it to suck the sore, and the process had actually caused an excrescence to grow, which an eye-witness compared to a female nipple. All were so abject and idiotic in expression that all trace of humanity seemed lost. They had lost the power of crying. They were not shy. They were in so brutish a state that, when the policeman took them out of their cradle, they merely gazed at him and his companions as puppies or young cats might do.

We have pleasure in adding that Mr. Barker took pains to have the poor little things removed to a better home. And as the event has created no little talk, we subjoin a statement of facts with regard to the Alms-house system. These facts are derived from the best authority. In giving them publicity, we will only remark that the illustration afforded by the Carlock development does not show the system to advantage. If, notwithstanding the precautions observed, in the shape of doctors' certificates and matrons' visits, three Alms-house children can be starved to death in the house of such a nurse as Mrs. Carlock, it is high time, we think, that a revolution should be effected in administration of the Alms-house.

WET-NURSING.

The Governors of the Alms-house have from 1700 to 1800 of these children under their charge. Of this number about 200 are distributed over the city in charge of wet-nurses, whose duty it is to take care of the infants until they are two years old, when they are transferred to the Nursery Department on Randall's Island. For their services wet-nurses receive one dollar per week for each child; and at the end of every three months they are furnished with clothing, such as frocks, diapers, flannel, shoes and stockings, etc., as the necessities of the case may require. The Governors claim to be very strict in regard to the qualifications of nurses, and will not appoint any one unless furnished with the certificate of a respectable physician, to the effect that the applicant is a woman of sound health with a fresh breast of milk, and calculated in every way to take proper care of a sucking child. When the applicant applies for a child, her application, with the doctor's certificate attached, is placed on file, and a visitor is sent to the residence of the nurse to see if every thing about the premises is in a cleanly and healthy condition. If the report of the visitor be found satisfactory, the first foundling that turns up is handed over to the applicant. These nurses are visited once or twice a month, just as Mrs. Frost the visitor thinks proper, and any delinquency on their part is reported to the Alms-house Department. Of course Mrs. Frost can not vouch for the everyday treatment of the children; but if she detects any want of care on the part of the nurse during her monthly visits, the matter is brought before the Board of Governors and made the subject of investigation. No nurse is allowed to wet-nurse more than one child at a time; but she may be competent to take care of one or two other children in addition, provided they are already weaned. Thus many of the nurses have three or more children in their charge; but the number rarely exceeds four or five, even among the most favored of the employées.

THE NURSERY.

The nursery at Randall's Island is devoted to the rearing of the foundlings after they have been weaned and received from the hands of the wet-nurses. They are all over two years old, and generally remain in the nursery for three years or thereabouts. Then they are transferred to the Primary Department, where they are taught the alphabet and instructed in the first rudiments of education. From the Primary School they are promoted to the Ward School, which is under the control of the Board of Education, and conducted in similar manner to the public schools in the city. Having spent a year or two in the Ward School, they are supposed to be able to read, write, and cipher with tolerable ability; and it is not unusual to find many of the children as far advanced in the knowledge of the English language as some of the Ten Governors who provide for their education. Under the tuition of Mr. Ripley they are instructed in military tactics; and really, without exaggeration, many of our militia companies could not compare with these lads in marching, deploying to the right or the left, and performing other evolutions too numerous to mention.

THE APPRENTICESHIP SYSTEM.

By a resolution of the Board of Ten Governors no child shall be apprenticed who shall not have reached the age of ten years. As a general rule, the authorities prefer indenturing the children to parties living outside of the city; consequently very few of them are bound out in New York. The State of New Jersey, perhaps, can boast of more Randall's Island boys than the State of New York itself. In Monmouth county, New Jersey, especially, the number of apprentices will number fully one-half of the entire number indentured during the year. The system adopted by the authorities in apprenticing the children is very good as far as it goes, but there is much room for improvement. In making an application for one of these children, the applicant must be furnished with a good reference from some respectable citizen in this city, or from a Justice of the Peace in the county where he resides. The boys are bound out until they are twenty-one years old, and the girls until they are eighteen. The total number indentured annually will average 300. The conditions of the indenture oblige the employer to provide the apprentice with proper clothing and schooling. It is expected that the children will be sent to school for at least three months every year, and that their employers will be kind to them, and see that their wants, morally, physically, and mentally, shall not be neglected. When their time is up they receive a new suit of clothes, in addition to what they have had already, and a present of fifty or one hundred dollars, just as their employers deem fit. In the agreement there is nothing specified as to the amount of money to be paid, but the usual custom is somewhat after the fashion above described. Some apprentices receive a small sum per diem from their masters, especially those who are engaged in working at a [illegible]; so that, when they become of age, they can [illegible] a few hundred dollars to start in the world [illegible] again, many apprentices are treated as shabbily as masters could treat them; who have nothing but the severest kind of drudgery to perform, and receive no remuneration in return. The majority of the children, however, find good masters and comfortable homes. Every year the apprentices are visited by the authorities, and a report of their condition is submitted to their parents, if they have any. No parent will be allowed to visit an apprentice, or know the place of his child's residence, except by consent of the employer. This rule has been found necessary, in order to prevent interference on the part of a good-for-nothing mother, or, what is much worse, a drunken father.

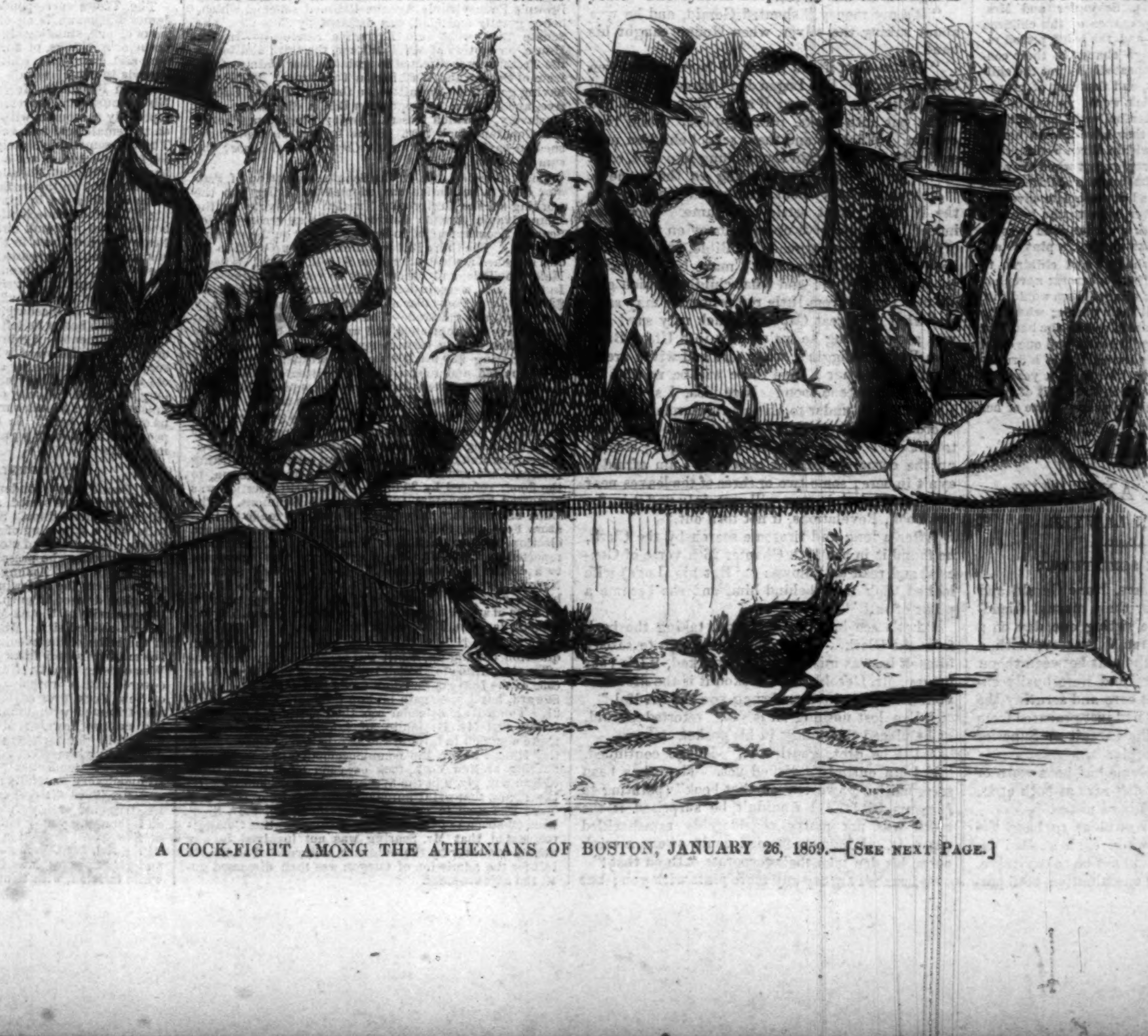
THE ADOPTED ONES.

From seventy-five to one hundred of the children are annually adopted by respectable citizens of New York and its vicinity. It is not an unusual thing to see the childless *parvenus* of Fifth Avenue waiting patiently at the office of the Superintendent of Out-door Poor for the arrival of the "little ones" they have chosen to adopt. Children must be residents of the island at least three months before they can be given out for adoption. After that period their parents have no further control over them, and can not reclaim them except with the consent of the parties adopting. Many of the adopted ones fall heirs to large fortunes, valuable property, etc., willed them by their adopted parents; while others fare but poorly in their new homes, and get nothing but boxed ears and cast-off clothing for a legacy. We heard of a German physician who adopted one of these children some years ago and emigrated with the lad to California. There he accumulated a fortune of $200,000, all of which the youngster will inherit, as the doctor announces his determination to will the boy every dollar of his wealth. Such instances of good fortune are rare, however.

MORTALITY AMONG THE CHILDREN.

The mortality list among the children under the guardianship of the Ten Governors is fearful. It is said, and with much correctness too, that more than three-fourths of the children die before they reach the years of discretion. In the spring of 1857 the institution known as the Home of the Friendless took a number of these children on trial. Thirty of the healthiest and most promising infants were picked out of the nursery department, and during their sojourn at their new home were treated with every attention and care. Of the entire number but ten are now living; the remaining two-thirds having fallen victims to scrofula, marasmus, and other diseases. Medical men assert that a very large proportion of all the foundlings picked up in the streets of New York are afflicted with scrofula in some form or other. Hence the Ten Governors argue that the mortality which exists among the children under their charge is not the result of any want or inattention on the part of the nurses, but solely attributable to scrofula. If the children are so diseased, would not hospital wards be more fitting places for them than the dwelling-houses of poor, ignorant nurses? Surely such children would be better off under the care of an experienced physician than cooped up in the fifth story of some tenement-house in the Sixth Ward. There are many evils to be corrected in connection with the Alms-house Department, and this is one of the most important.

The agitation caused by the statement of the above facts has led to some inquiry. The Ten Governors of the Alms-house have obtained the following evidence from their employés, the doctor and the visiting nurse:



A COCK-FIGHT AMONG THE ATHENIANS OF BOSTON, JANUARY 26, 1859.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Dr. William B. Bibbins testified: Has been acquainted with Mary Carlock two years; I had sufficient confidence in her to recommend her to Dr. George P. Cammann, to take charge of an unoccupied house of his until he could sell it; I have attended children in her care from the Alms-house Department a great many times during the two years; my impression was that she was deemed by the Department as a capable woman, and was given the worst description of children to take charge of; I had no idea of there being neglect on account of want of clothing; she is believed to be strictly temperate; if I had discovered any neglect on her part in the treatment of the children I should have certainly reported it; I visit a great number of children at nurse from the Alms-house Department; that is, a large proportion; the wet-nurse children are much better cared for than those dry-nursed; I did not consider it her fault, but she lost the largest number of children; her children were debilitated; have seen four infants there; don't know whether she had any children of her own; was much surprised at hearing the statements relative to her.

Aletta Frost, widow, visiting nurse: Visited the children at Mrs. Carlock's; commenced last May, and have frequently called to see them; always found the children clean and in good order; her apartments were clean and tidy—very much so; as far as I ever saw, I believed her to be a proper person to have charge of children; made reports to the Department of the children and the apartments; they were favorable; had no acquaintance with Mrs. Carlock before I was visitor; have visited about three hundred children; knew of the condition of the children when sent to her; one had the whooping-cough; one that sucked its arm had cholera infantum; one was a diseased child; saw the children a month previous to the arrest; I took the children away after the arrest; their condition was cleanly; had the clothes on provided by the Department.

On the other hand, the *Tribune* has obtained, through its reporters, the following evidence from parties residing in the house inhabited by Mary Carlock:

"Mrs. M'Cartee has lived in the house No. 186 Thirty-fourth Street nearly three years; says Mrs. Carlock moved in about a year since; that the children she had from the City Hall were very badly used; that they must have been drugged, for they hardly ever cried; that Mrs. C. was often out all day, and the children left in the care of a young girl. Mr. and Mrs. M'Cartee both state that there have been a good many deaths among the children; all felt annoyed to see the dead-cart so often, and after it was spoken of, the children, when they died, were carried away in a basket; when the children would die, Mrs. Carlock would boast that she could get just as many to board as she wanted; she was one of the oldest nurses, and she could get children without any trouble. Mrs. M'Cartee said there was another woman who had lived in the house who had some of the Alms-house children; that this woman gave the children enough to eat, but she was intemperate, and did not keep her children clean. Mrs. M'Cartee says she knows that some of the children brought to Mrs. Carlock were fine, healthy children, and that they would in a short time dwindle down to skin and bones, or death; from never hearing the children cry, thinks they must have had opiates of some kind; Mrs. Carlock was of such violent temper nobody in the house wanted any thing to do with her except the family, some of whose number are involved in her difficulties; she has had company, men and women both, running in and out of the house almost every night till twelve, one, and two o'clock.

"Mrs. Schingler, an intelligent German woman, evidently very respectable, and refined and lady-like in her manners: Resides next door to Mrs. Carlock; her husband is the owner of the house in which Mrs. Carlock lives, as well as the one in which they reside themselves—the houses being Nos. 184 and 186 Thirty-fourth Street; Mrs. Schingler used to go into Mrs. C.'s room for the rent, and used frequently to see the children she had from the City Hall, and she knows they were not well treated: is sure they did not have as much to eat as they needed, nor did they have the kind of food they ought to have had; she has seen Mrs. C. give them a potato apiece for their supper; says that some of the neighbors were annoyed by the frequent appearance of the dead-cart at the door for the removal of these children, and when it was spoken of, the bodies were afterward taken away in a basket.

"Charles K. Schick is a German cabinet-maker; an intelligent, temperate man; himself and wife both corroborate the testimony of Mrs. Schingler and Mrs. M'Cartee, in regard to the appearance of the children when brought to Mrs. Carlock, and the brief period required to work a sad and thorough change in their condition; both have known her repeatedly to put the children naked under the hydrant, and that out of pity to the poor little things Mrs. Schick would go out to the hydrant on her floor and fill her boiler to prevent the water from running up stairs; they have known her to put a child under the hydrant within three weeks; they hardly ever heard the children cry, except when they fell out of bed at night; have thought from the children's not crying, that they must have had some opiate given to stupefy them; no milk-man ever came to the house at all, until within a very few days; a woman used to come with milk, from whom she thinks she took a pint a day.

"Mrs. Carlock herself says, she has had children to nurse for eleven years from the Ten Governors; never has had more than five at one time; some of them would die, and she would get others to fill their places; when she got into this trouble about the stolen goods, she had four of the Hall children, and another at board, and one child of her own; says her husband is living, but is a drunkard, and she has not lived with him since a year ago last 4th of July; says she has been in the habit of going out to wash a great deal for eight years. Five of her children have died since last May."

FACT, FANCY, AND FUN.

BY A SOUTHERN LAWYER.

"SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURE."

Two old gentlemen farmers, Isaac Gerald and Billy Hodge, remarkable for their mutual friendship and social habits, were sitting one day on a bench in the piazza of a retail grocery, with a couple of silver dollars on the seat between them. Both had on their spectacles, and were busily engaged in turning with great care and scrutiny the leaves of a small Bible they had just procured from the office of the Clerk of the Circuit or Superior Court, as it is called in Georgia.

The lids of the sacred volume had been worn or torn off, occasioning many dog-ears at both ends, showing evidently long and hard usage.

Each gentleman seemed anxious to have the book for the time being, while each seemed determined that the other should not be so exclusive. After a most unsatisfactory examination, both participating, Gerald jerked the book from Hodge, with evident signs of impatience, saying:

"I can find it if you will just hands off and let me alone. I read all about it many a time when I went to school. I tell you it's in the Psalms of Moses, who writ and sung all about the old dispensation."

"I'll double the bet," Hodge replied, "its neither in the Psalms nor in your old dispensatory, as you call it. It is under the new constitution, and if ever found 'twill be in Revelations. What did Moses know about the 'Postle Paul and his family arrangements? I allow he was a right sharp old gentleman, and could look into circumstances about to crowd him as far as any one in his day. But the Dark Ages, which, they say, was as black as a night without stars, meteors, or lightning-bugs, come atween him and Paul; and he had no specks, magnifying-glass, or telegraph could see through or work in them times. I tell you, Gerald, you ayn't nowhar with me in Bible larning."

The person thus taunted had been anxiously searching the Psalms, and had paid very little attention to his companion; had an indistinct idea something had been said about dark ages or dark nights; but distinctly comprehended the invidious comparison instituted between his biblical knowledge and Hodge's. Raising his eyes from the pages he had been so closely scanning, and shoving his spectacles to the top of his head, he looked piercingly into the face of the other.

"Whar was you brung up, Billy Hodge? Whar eddycated? Ah! I recollect now the evening you went through college! You staggered into one end drunk, and the boys kicked you out the tother! I s'pose you thought that was graddyating! I could have taken the same course the same time, but declined. But that is neither here nor thar. What about the time you said they had them dark nights? I wouldn't be surprised if they did make a power of fine wheat then. You know they say, wheat sowed in the dark nights of October always does well. I never could account for it; have looked plum thru the almanick several times to see how it was! But this ayn't settling our bet. I want to handle the rhino; I know I've got you! Yonder is Bob Logan, the Clerk; I reckon he mout take this book and look up the passage."

Hodge heard nothing Gerald had just said, except his allusion to the Clerk, etc.; for as soon as the latter had ceased his search among the Psalms, he seized the Bible, and commenced looking through Revelations.

"Halloa, Logan!" continued Gerald, "come here." When this official approached, he proceeded: "I and Hodge has made a bet. He stands me a silver dollar it was Paul's and not Lot's wife which was turned to a pillow of salt. We've been ransacking this old Bible, principally Psalms and Revelations, and can't find the place what treats on that toppack. Now, old fellow, just be kind enough to take your own Bible and settle this matter atwixt us."

"It is no use to take the Bible," said Logan. "I thought every Sunday-school boy and girl knew it was Lot's wife they rubbed the brine into so extensively. They used the article so freely in the operation, it has preserved her safe and sound through all seasons, years, and ages. Captain Lynch reports it was but the other day he saw her standing in the suburbs of Sodom or Gomorrah—one, he could not tell exactly which; but she was there, salty as ever, with the smell of fire and brimstone around her! As for the Apostle Paul, if ever he was married it was a clandestine affair; his biography and autobiography are silent on that subject; and I reckon that is an event a man would never forget, whether fortunate or unfortunate, though his friends might."

"It's my money," shouted Gerald, and he was about raking the silver, when Hodge caught his hand.

"Not so fast, if you please; I have seen sicken children live! Bob Logan don't know every thing—he is like me and you; if all he did not know had to be put into books, printing-paper would rise, certain. What he and them school children may say, with your Captain Lynch flung into boot, can't move them deposits" (pointing to the money). "Here is the dockyment, gentlemen" (holding up the Bible), "must settle this game. Nice idea indeed! I must give up my money on the say so of a man which never reads his Bible, and wouldn't keep one, if the Judge didn't make him, to swear people in Court on! and what children which gits all thar larnin' from little red primmers may say! and what the great Captain Lynch may say! It was a good thing he wa'n't sent into Utay, Brigham Young's diggin's, whar salt and wives are so plenty, and whar I hope there will be no lack of fire and brimstone soon! Nice idea, I say again, I must knock under to all this rigmarole, with the Word of Truth here in my hand, though right hard to sift out! Here, take the book, Logan; straten up the corners, and look closely. I am afraid it ayn't in here; some two or three of the leaves near the end is missin'; you will certainly find it in the last book, Revelations, if not torn out."

After a long and tiresome search by the Clerk, he found it in the 19th Chapter 26th verse of Genesis, and read as follows: "'But his (Lot's) wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.'"

"Let's see her," said Hodge, taking the book from the Clerk. After reading enough to satisfy himself he was mistaken, he remarked, "It's your money, Mr. Gerald, and I reckon it is the first time your Bible larnin' ever brung you the needful."

"I've lost nothing on it yet," retorted Gerald, as he placed the money in his pocket.

"I'll be drot, gentlemen," Hodge continued, "if I am entirely satisfied yet. There has been so much hard swearin' on that book" (pointing to Logan's Bible) "I wouldn't be surprised if the truth was not pretty considerably ramshackled outen it. I have seen men could swear a mink outen his den take their corporate oath on that!"

"I sha'n't arguey any more pints with you; but whenever you feel like staking your jugement on Scriptur, just let me know. I'll take stock," said Gerald.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you wa'n't vain arter this. Some of these days you'll meet up with a man who knows something, and get the starch taken outen you properly. Come, treat arter your good luck," said Hodge. There was a unanimous and simultaneous movement for the lick-log.

COCK-FIGHTING AMONG THE ATHENIANS.

On 26th ultimo the police of Boston made a descent upon a popular resort for a portion of the society of modern Athens—a cock-pit under the National Theatre. It seems that cock-fights constantly came off in this place. On this occasion a New York cock was being fought against a Boston cock for $1000 a side, and all the fancy were present. A number of arrests were made.

We illustrate the scene as part of the history of the times, and as a curious instance of the manner in which the amusements of another, and, let us hope, a more savage age, are still preserved among the learned, the witty, and the refined Athenians.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have issued a new and cheap edition of a charming volume of tales by Miss MULOCH, originally published by them half a dozen years ago. The volume comprises "ALICE LEARMONT; A FAIRY TALE," embodying the old Scottish legend of a child carried away to Fairy land, and restored to the earth after seven years of detention; "THE HERO," a brave tale for boys; and "BREAD UPON THE WATERS," a touching story of the Life of a Governess. Each of these tales is admirable in its way; and though written some years ago, they all give promise of those powers which have since gained for the "Author of John Halifax" the foremost place among the female novelists of the day. The first of these stories, with a slight change of title, is likewise announced as about to be published in a separate volume, by Messrs. Mayhew & Baker, of Boston.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, February 7, in the Senate, various communications in relation to forts, etc., were received from the Secretary of War. The Agricultural College Bill was taken up, and after speeches by Senators Clay, Gwin, Bell, Brown, and Davis, the bill was passed as amended, by 25 to 22. Senator Slidell gave notice that he would call up the bill for the acquisition of Cuba on Tuesday; and that, in the event of its not passing, he would move it as an amendment to the Appropriation Bill. The rest of the day was devoted to District business.——In the House Mr. Stephens vainly endeavored to secure the appropriation of two days in the week to Territorial business. Certain sums were voted to Georgia and Maine, reimbursing them for outlays made for the United States Government. The House went into Committee of the Whole, and speeches were made on various topics by Davis, Grow, Washburn, Bliss, Walton, Stuart, and Bliss.

On Tuesday, 8th, in the Senate, a communication from the Navy Department was received, objecting to the transfer of the revenue cutter service to that department. A resolution authorizing Professors Bache and Maury to receive Sardinian medals, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Senator Seward introduced a bill relating to marine signals. Senator Green reported against the organization of Jefferson Territory. Senator Bigler, by a vote of 23 to 13, was allowed to bring up his resolution to the effect that the public revenue should equal the expenditure. Speeches thereon were made by Senators Mason, Clingman, and Bigler, but no vote was taken. A vote of 23 to 20 then called up Mr. Brown's Pennsylvania Avenue Railroad scheme, which, being greatly amended, was defeated by 25 to 23. The Senate then went into Executive Session.——In the House, on motion of Mr. Faulkner, the third auditor of the Treasury was directed to scale the war claims of citizens of Oregon and Washington Territories. The House having gone into Committee on the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill, a discussion arose on slavery, in which Messrs. Lovejoy, Singleton, Phelps, and Cochrane took part. Some further discussion ensued on paying $67,379 for the *Congressional Globe*; the sum was voted.

On Wednesday, 9th, in the Senate, on motion of Senator King a resolution was adopted inquiring into the working of the Reciprocity Treaty. The vote on the Pennsylvania Avenue Railroad Bill was reconsidered. Senator Toombs replied to Senator Bigler on the revenue question. The Cuba Bill was then taken up by 25 to 16, and speeches made by Senators Slidell, Seward, Wilson, Hale, Doolittle, and others; but no vote was taken.——In the House, a resolution of Mr. Harris to reappropriate $200,000 for a Post-office at Baltimore, authorized many years ago, was referred. The Executive, Judicial, and Legislative Appropriation Bill was passed by a majority of 16, after having been materially amended. The bill appropriating $30,000,000 for the acquisition of Cuba was reported and referred to Committee of the Whole. Various minor matters, including the contested Nebraska election, were discussed, but no vote was taken.

On Thursday, 10th, in the Senate, the resolution authorizing Professors Bache and Maury to accept medals from the King of Sardinia, was adopted. Senator Seward endeavored to have his resolution taken up admitting Messrs. Lane and M'Carthy, Senators from Indiana, to the floor: refused by 20 to 19. The Tariff question was discussed by Senators Clingman and Simmons. The Cuba bill was then taken up and speeches made by Senators Foot and Pugh.——In the House, the Nebraska election case was tabled by 6 majority. Mr. Stephens reported back the bill admitting Oregon, which gave rise to a debate in which Messrs. Grow, Hughes, Stanton, Nichols, Granger, and Maynard took part. The House having gone into Committee of the Whole, speeches on all sorts of subjects were made by Messrs. Keim, Taylor, Abbott, Jackson, Farnsworth, and Lane.

On Friday, 11th, in the Senate, previous to the Cuban question coming up, a bill was reported from the Post-office Committee to abolish the franking privilege. The case of the Indiana Senators was again called up by Mr. Seward, but it was again laid on the table, by 30 against 21. The private calendar was then postponed until Saturday, and Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, proceeded to make a speech in favor of the acquisition of Cuba.——In the House, before the commencement of business, Mr. Searing, of New York, took occasion to deny the truth of a rumor, given in the Washington correspondence of the *Times*, that paint purchased for the Brooklyn Navy Yard was used in painting his farm-house. Mr. Sherman, Chairman of the Navy Yard Investigation Committee, stated that Mr. Searing was not involved in any abuses whatever by the evidence adduced. The Senate bill for the admission of Oregon was then discussed until the adjournment.

On Saturday, 12th, in the Senate, a proposition for a telegraph to the Pacific was referred. Also several propositions from the Post-office Committee in regard to the ocean mails. Retrenchment was the next business discussed, Mr. Johnson of Tennessee bringing up his resolution that the estimates for 1860 be made on a basis not exceeding fifty millions, exclusive of interest on the Public Debt. A long debate ensued, but nothing was done, when the private calendar was taken up, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Oregon bill was the first business in order, and was adopted precisely as it came from the Senate; yeas, 114, nays, 103, after a debate in which fifteen to twenty members participated. Pending a motion to admit the delegate from Oregon to a seat, the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON LIFE.—THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION.

The *Tribune* correspondent thus describes the last reception at the White House:

"The current flows into the East room, where few persons as yet—for it is just after eight—are promenading to the music of the Marine Band stationed in an ante-room. Soon the apartment begins to fill up. By nine it is crowded, and the few notabilities of the evening appear. The diplomatic corps was well represented. I noticed only two Senators, and one Judge of the Supreme Court. Few prominent Southern or Northern Congressmen were present. Maynard, of Tennessee, with his girlish face and long ringlets, came early and staid late. Old Commodore Stewart was in the throng. So was Daniel E. Sickles, dressed faultlessly and with a beauty upon his arm, and Judge Russell, of your city, escorting a short houri, who wore a gold diadem. 'Galorious Dick' I did not see, nor have I caught sight of him since the hour when he hung entranced over Judge Douglas's punch-bowl. There were a few well-dressed women, but as I have not Jenkins's knowledge of names and fabrics, I can not go into minute particulars. One fair, slender girl, among whose curls white flowers were woven, while a blue sash gave tone and meaning to her white dress, impressed me. A tall brunette in pink satin, trimmed with lace, attracted some young eyes. But only one or two of the Court ladies of Washington were present. There was the greatest variety of style. Here a widow, whose claim has been before Congress this many, many years, in faded brown, black lace hanging over her head. Here a respectable old lady in a mob cap. Here a wife, dressed as for a family tea-party, her collar fastened with a plain brooch. Here a master and miss, arm in arm, who have but very recently exchanged the jacket for the tail-coat and the pantalet for the long skirt.

PICCOLOMINI AND THE PRESIDENT.

"But who is this rising out of a cloud of pale yellow lace, a red rose in her bosom, a short budding vine drooping beneath her waist, her hair simply braided over her head, wearing no ornaments? Piccolomini for all the world, escorted by the Sardinian Minister. Her sister, plumper, and some (ladies of course) said prettier, than she whose dress she duplicated, follows. After making the circuit once, they disappear. By-and-by it is buzzed about that the *prima donna* is with Miss Lane, and in due course of time I found and was presented to her, for she held her reception in the same room with the President.

"She sat upon a lounge in a recess, her mother, the Countess, a fat old lady in black silk, upon her right, her sister upon the left, over whose chair leaned the Count, whose bald head and blank face were equally expressive—of his inability to understand English. On one flank was the Sardinian Minister, on the other Judge Russell. 'I don't think her very handsome,' said one lady. 'But such pretty ways,' said another. 'Which is she?' asked a dozen, pretending not to know.

"Precisely at ten o'clock might have been seen the President of these United States pushing his way toward the F. F. P., with Mrs. Gwin upon his arm—his wonderful head nearer his shoulder than ever, his miraculous eye cocked with unwonted precision of aim. Mr. Buchanan, who has greatly improved in courtliness and diplomatic ability since Lady Gore Ouseley pulled wool over his eye, after conversing with the younger sister for some moments, made a gallant remark to the *prima donna*, to the effect that he did not understand and could not speak French. Piccolomini smiled, and used her eyes. Mr. Buchanan went on to say that he did spend three months in France five years ago, but that he had no ears nor tongue now. [His worst enemies, who speak of him as in his dotage, never said any thing so severe.] Piccolomini smiled and used her eyes again. Then the President informed the Sardinian Minister that his country was going to war—adding that he hoped Pic. would not be impressed into the service. How the little coquette used her eyes and her smiles when this remark was translated to her, only those who have seen her in 'Traviata' can imagine. Mr. Buchanan would probably have staid till daylight did appear, had not Mrs. Gwin intimated that it was time to go. Thereupon he shook hands with the several members of the family and disappeared."

HOW THE PRESIDENT LIVES.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "His Excellency James Buchanan is an old gentleman of some seventy years of age, standing six feet one or two inches in his bachelor stockings, of florid and rather hectic complexion, and with hair white and glistening as the glass threads in the glass tails of the glass birds of paradise made in Barnum's Museum by an ingenious operator. His manners are extremely courteous and affable, more especially to women, with whom he delights to converse on the small scandals and bohea gossip of the capital. There is something stately and mournful in his isolation, for I believe he has not one familiar friend (except, perhaps, the Plitts, of Philadelphia, who are more like humble retainers) on the surface of the foot-stool. Even his niece is addressed by him as 'Miss Harriet;' and, priding himself on conscientious coldness, he gets along as best he can without either sympathy or consolation. Never has there been in the White House a more laborious occupant; he reposes no confidence even in his Cabinet officers, but insists on first reading every paper which they put before him for signature. He seldom leaves the house for exercise and air, but spends twelve or sixteen hours a day in discharging drudgeries of detail, which might much better be left to the care of subordinates in the departments. Again and again, on every possible occasion, he disavows with contempt and ridicule his supposed aspirations for a second term of office. 'Two old men,' he says, 'myself and Lewis Cass, if we live so long, will quit this city on the 6th of March, 1861, with much lighter and less burdened hearts than we bore with us on coming here.' In spite of all mental and bodily peculiarities there is a grandeur of desolation in this old man's life."

MRS. DOUGLAS'S LAST BALL.

A *Herald* correspondent writes: "Mrs. Douglas received her guests seated, as she was laboring under the effects of indisposition. She was dressed simply in white tulle with a trimming of violets, and wore but few ornaments. Her husband stood beside her, and presented to her the guests, who pressed forward in crowds to be introduced to her. Among the ladies in the parlor when I entered were the following: Mrs. Cutts, mother of Mrs. Douglas, dressed in purple, white, and gold colors; Mrs. Hoover, wife of the ex-Marshal of the District, dressed in corn-colored silk; Miss Badger, of Philadelphia, one of the belles of the evening, attired in white tulle, white flowers, roses and lilies of the valley; Mrs. Lyons, of Westchester county, New York, dressed in blue silk, covered with a profusion of *récherché* lace; Mrs. Sickles, of New York, dressed in white silk, covered with tulle, and trimmed with innumerable loops of white ribbon and natural flowers; Miss Morgan, a Kentucky belle, dressed in blue tarleton; Mrs. Penniman, of New York, dressed in white silk, covered with rich black lace; Mrs. Bishop, of Connecticut, dressed in a rich white silk, trimmed very tastefully; Mrs. Conrad, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Bass, ditto, dressed in white embroidered muslin, trimmed with purple; Miss Howard, of Baltimore, an interesting young lady, dressed in white; Mrs. Lott, of New York, dressed in salmon-colored moire antique, with a rich head-dress and bouquet de corsage of crimson and gold flowers; Miss Bridge, of New York, dressed in white tarleton, with flounces of blue of the same material, and a head-dress of blue velvet ribbons; Miss Bayard, daughter of Senator Bayard, simply but becomingly dressed in white, with pink trimmings.

"Lady Napier was expected, but was unfortunately prevented by illness from being present. Lord Napier had another lady on his arm, whose appearance attracted general admiration, but whose name I could not ascertain.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL IN A FIX.

"It would not be surprising if I had totally forgotten to mention a prominent member of the Cabinet who is never seen or heard of in the fashionable world. It would be something very novel, and probably very diverting, to see the Attorney-General in the middle of a ball-room. It was my fortune to see him in a predicament quite as bad. It was on the first day he arrived in Washington to take his place in the Cabinet, and he was dining with a party of friends at Willard's Hotel. Some considerate person had probably impressed on him the necessity of getting himself up a little expensively on his advent in Washington, where he was to play a high official part; so the Judge turned out in a splendid suit of black, a glossy silk hat, and, *mirabile dictu!* a pair of patent leather boots. These last were evidently too much for him; for his ready, racy conversation all evaporated, and he sat, not like Patience on a monument, but restless, disturbed, and uncomfortable, as though something lay heavy on his conscience or stomach. He begged permission at last to go to his room, in the same hotel, for a few minutes, and when he returned the change in his mien was magical. He let the secret out at once by admitting that he had been persuaded into a pair of patent leathers for the first, and, he hoped, the last, time in his life, and he felt pretty much as Hercules did in the shirt of Nessus. It was soon clear that Richard was himself again, and the company had as much reason to rejoice as the Judge himself that he had escaped from the 'durance vile' of his patent leathers. Though you never meet the Attorney-General at a ball or a *soirée*, you can find him all day in the Supreme Court, and nearly all night at his office, which he rarely leaves till two o'clock A.M. 'Do you call it fun, such work as that?' asked a friend of his the other day. 'I admit,' replied the Judge, 'it is rather a grave kind of sport.' Yet he is one of those men who revel in work, if it be only hard and dry enough. The neglect of the learned Judge is forgiven by the gay world for the good reason that he is so charmingly represented there by his handsome and well-bred wife. Lucky for him that he has so eloquent a pleader before the social tribunal to extenuate her manifold acts of *lèse Majesté*. Mrs. Black has cards out for a ball on the 16th inst."

BODY-SNATCHING IN THE WEST.

We read in the Cincinnati *Inquirer:* "The principal business of 'body-snatching' in the city is done by the two men now in custody, and the third who escaped. The price which they receive for each 'subject' is from $12 to $18, although $15 is the sum generally paid. Out of this amount they usually pay $2 to the express driver who accompanies them, leaving the net profits of their labor at $13 for each body. We have good authority for saying that not less than one hundred bodies are dissected by the four colleges each winter, which, deducting the express hire, would leave a profit of $1300, to be divided among the three resurrectionists—or about $433 to each man, for four months' employment in this disreputable business. The bodies are taken to the colleges and dissected, the flesh of course being removed in the process, and is thrown into a barrel of chloride of lime, or some other similar deodorizing substance, tightly headed up, and carted away at night to some point up or down the river, outside of the city, and the contents emptied into the water. Thus go the fleshy portions; the skeleton becomes the property of some one of the students, and after he has procured his parchment permit to 'kill or cure,' it graces his 'back office' in some country town, where his professional 'shingle' happens to be hung out.

"Those who steal the bodies, of course have no other motive than the money which it puts in their purses. Science is of no account, and humanity not thought of. The body-snatcher feels no compunctions, and respects neither age, sex, nor condition. It is a question of dollars and cents, and when he gets 'short,' or rent-day comes round, or the butcher's, or baker's, or tradesman's bill comes in, all he has to do is to request the collector to 'call to-morrow;' and that at night he puts himself in funds by robbing the grave!

THE LAST STOLEN BODIES.

"It is well known that the body of the unfortunate girl, Kate Bureau, for whose murder young Cook was on trial all last week, furnished an interesting subject for a lecture with practical illustrations, while her bones have been anatomically prepared, and are now hanging in one of the medical institutes of the city. But for blunder of the resurrectionists Thursday night, the skeleton of her equally unfortunate frail sister would by this time have been occupying a place by the side of that of the murdered girl.

"The body-snatchers who are now in custody formerly employed an old negro express driver, known as 'Topsy,' to accompany them in their midnight operations, and occasionally lent his aid by holding the dark-lantern, while the others plied their picks and spades, and then mounted his box and drove the body to the medical college for which it had been 'raised.' In course of time 'Topsy' went the way 'that all good negroes go,' and the night following his burial his late 'professional' employers stole his body and sold it to a college! The sack in which he had helped to carry many a corpse he finally filled himself."

PERSONAL.

A rumor is afloat, which appears to have foundation, of a marriage shortly in fashionable life. It is said the Hon. George Eustis, the eloquent and accomplished gentleman from Louisiana, is to marry the rich heiress of Washington, Miss Corcoran.

The correspondent of the *News* says there is no truth in the rumor that Miss Corcoran is to be married this winter—that her father is averse to the consummation of the nuptials at this time. She is the only child, and the heiress to a little *douceur* of five millions.

The *Times* publishes a rumor that Mr. Dallas, on retiring from the English Mission (should he decide so to do), will be succeeded by Judge Roosevelt, of this city, the brother-in-law of Lady Gore Ouseley.

General Walker, "the hero of many fields," the "statesman and lawgiver" (we quote the language of the Mobile *Mercury*), has joined the Catholic Church. The initiation took place in the Mobile cathedral on the 1st of February. William, the hero, was reared after the straitest sect a Presbyterian, and, we have heard, prepared himself for the service of the pulpit in that denomination.

Walter Harper, of Detroit, a quiet and reserved man, living modestly there these many years, has just taken that town by surprise with a donation of $100,000 worth of property for founding a hospital for sick and aged poor.

In the front row of seats in the Maine Assembly sits the world-renowned Neal Dow. He has already distinguished himself as a ready debater. When he speaks the House listens. His is a very smooth way of saying very harsh things, and a genial smile plays round his face, even when retorting in his most cutting and sarcastic manner.

Notwithstanding the denial of the Washington *Star*, private circles still talk at the capital about the British Lord and his rumored successful *liaison* with a beautiful and accomplished lady, who is spending the winter there.

During the intensely cold Monday night of January 10, a Mrs. Albrich, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, who had, two or three days before, presented her spouse with a pair of twins, left her bed in a delirious state, and, with no covering but her night-clothes, went to the neighboring woods, where she was found nearly two hours afterward, actively walking in a circular path, which was beaten hard by her bare feet.

At Judge Douglas's "jam" in Washington on Friday night, at least fifty Southern members and Senators were present. None of the Cabinet or their families attended. The strife for place among the hackmen outside caused the death of a horse by collision.

The Dublin *Nation* states that William Smith O'Brien is about to visit the United States, and that he will sail from Galway within a short time. Mr. O'Brien purposes to travel through the Union.

George Parish, Esq., of Ogdensburg, has just returned from Europe, whence he journeyed a few months since to take possession of his ancestral property and title. He is now the Baron of Leuifsenberg.

General Cass is said to grow more and more feeble. His family are greatly distressed by his present condition. Happily, he is surrounded by those dearest to him—his daughter, his son-in-law, Mr. Ledyard, and others.

The mother of John G. Saxe, the poet, who resides in Troy, went to Bennington, last week, for the purpose of hearing her son read his poem on "Love." Though he has lectured four hundred and fifty times, this was the first time the old lady ever had an opportunity of hearing him.

The Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, the celebrated Canadian priest, has become converted to Protestantism. He recently declared, in a public meeting in the Court-house at Kankakee, Illinois, "that he separates himself from the Romish Church to follow the religion of the Bible."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SPURGEON COMING TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE alleged acceptance by the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon of the offer of $10,000 in payment of his engagement with the Transatlantic churches is contradicted on the authority of Mr. Spurgeon himself, who "declined the offer." Mr. Spurgeon purposes to set sail for America shortly, but not on the terms above referred to.

FRANCE.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* states that warlike preparations are going on so actively that the breaking out of hostilities would seem not a question of weeks, but days. The demand for cavalry is so urgent that orders have been given to buy horses nine years old. Letters from Toulon state that sixty-two war transports are to be ready by March 1. The supplemental surgeons in the military hospitals at Paris and Marseilles are ordered to hold themselves in readiness for active service. In the artillery there are companies in which five-sixths of the men are excused from regular duty because they are making cartridges. A letter from Grenoble speaks of the continued arrival of troops, and formation of a "*corps d'armée*" on the Alps. Three men-of-war left Toulon on the 26th for Genoa, supposed for the purpose of accompanying Prince Napoleon and his bride to France.

THE FIRST RECEPTION OF THE SEASON.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The fashionable season was inaugurated last week by a grand reception and ball at the Tuileries. The *quadrille d'honneur* was thus composed: The Emperor danced with Lady Cowley, the Empress with M. Mon, the Spanish Embassador; the other couples were—the Prince Napoleon and the Princess de Chimay, the Princess Mathilde and the Minister of Sweden, the Prince Murat and the Countess de Hatzfeldt, the Princess Murat and the Minister of Denmark, the Duke de Montebello and Madame Rouher, the Count Walewski and the young Princess Mademoiselle Murat. The following Americans were presented to their Majesties on this occasion, and were present at the ball: The Hon. Hamilton Fish, of New York, and the ladies of his family; General Totten, United States Army, and lady; the Hon. Mr. Schroeder, formerly American Minister at Copenhagen; Mr. Romaine Dillon, of New York, Secretary of Legation to Brazil; Mr. and Mrs. Leonard W. Jerome, New York; Mrs. and Miss W. H. Russell, New York; Mrs. and Miss Fellows, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Mildeberger, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Potter, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Haskell, New York; Mr. W. H. Kane, New York; Mrs. Elisha Riggs, Washington; Mrs. Coleman and daughters, Kentucky; Mr. Binney and Mrs. Hayward, Boston; Mrs. Dana and daughters, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Wales, Boston; Mrs. Bourne, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Crocket, Boston; Mr. Wentworth, Boston; Mr. Gurney, Chicago, and the ladies of his family; Mr. Roger and family, Charleston, South Carolina; Mr. and Mrs. M'Cord, Charleston, South Carolina; Mr. Alexander Brown and family, Baltimore; Colonel C. W. Brush, Baltimore; Mr. Charles March, Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Mr. F. W. Smith, Virginia; Mr. S. Egleston, Virginia; Mr. W. H. Pratt and family; Mr. H. C. Boyce.

THE FASHIONS FIXED FOR THE WINTER.

"At this first ball, which usually fixes the fashions for the winter, it was remarked that the circumference of the ladies' toilets had not diminished; if there was any change since last winter it was on the side of augmentation. It was also remarked that there was a greater profusion of precious stones, especially of rubies, which seem to be coming into fashion again. We will soon arrive at that point where a woman will not be well dressed unless she carries a quarter of a million francs on her shoulders. Last winter it was a question whether the basket was to be continued or not—whether it should be augmented or diminished; were the robes to have points, were the corsages to be opened *a cœur*, or were the robes and the coiffures of the first Empire to be adopted? This year robes, hoops, and corsages are smothered in the more important question of diamonds and rubies. The feminine world agree on this one point, however, that, to reach the maximum of the *comme il faut*, to make their rivals die of jealousy, as much money as possible must be put into precious stones and laces. The stones are only more radiant in reflecting back the fiery glances of jealous eyes, the laces grate the more harshly on fretted nerves the longer they trail on the floor. In this duel of the diamonds it is the poor husband that gathers the lamb's share; he meekly accepts his part of the triumphs with the air of a man who wouldn't, if he could help it."

THE EMPRESS ON THE STAGE.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "Meanwhile the fair Empress of the French is bent upon other subjects of interest than those which occupy her husband's lieges without. Her Majesty is anxious to introduce private theatricals as part of the Imperial gayeties of the season, and not content with the important part fate has allotted her in the real drama of life, she pines to enact, *in propria persona*, its poetic shadow before the foot-lights. M. Feuillet, the author of 'Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre,' has received her Majesty's instructions to write a piece in which an Empress, without loss of dignity, might fitly participate. To accomplish this difficulty his instructions were, to keep the necessary *amant* out of sight—never to introduce him personally—so that the Empress may tell her love, but never exhibit its strength or weakness in action. Thus her august person will never be profaned by embrace or caress, or even the tip of her finger squeezed. I fear, whatever the histrionic talent her Majesty may possess, the plan offers but little scope for its development. It is thought that after her Majesty has had all the amusement of learning her part, dressing the character, and rehearsing, Napoleon will then give her a quiet hint that the thing won't exactly do."

A CHAMPAGNE WALTZ.

The Russian embassy has become celebrated this season for the introduction of a peculiar waltz, in which each gentleman holds in his hand a glass full of Champagne, not a drop of which must be spilled.

THE EMPEROR ON HIS CANNONS.

A Paris letter says: "A few days ago, the Emperor was, it seems, closeted with a military engineer of high standing for an unusual long period. A discussion of weapons of war was the subject of conversation. At its termination, the engineer quitted the Imperial Cabinet, and found in the ante-chamber M. Fould. 'Why!' exclaimed the Minister, in a great pet, 'what a time you have been with his Majesty; I've been waiting for you to come out full two hours.' '*Que voulez-vous?*' replied the other; 'his Majesty has been upon his cannons, and when this is the case, he never knows when to get off.' This explanation is said to have elicited a shrug from the gentleman to whom it was addressed, and the remark, 'Oh! he's always on his cannons.'"

GERMANY.

FERMENTATION AMONG THE PEOPLE.

The *Daily News* has the following:

"We have received from Austria an account, upon which implicit reliance may be placed, of expressions used by the Emperor of Austria in an interview with the directors of the National Bank, on Monday last. His Majesty declared that he could count with certainty, in the case of need, upon the strenuous support of the entire population of Germany, but assured the deputation of his complete confidence that an amicable arrangement of the present difficulty would be very speedily effected. He added that he had just received dispatches from Paris which greatly strengthened this conviction.

"It is stated that considerable agitation prevails in Austrian Poland and Hungary. The *Globe's* Paris correspondent says that the fermentation in Galicia is such that eighty thousand troops have been concentrated along that frontier and Lemberz."

ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM.

The Princess Frederick William was safely delivered of a son on the 27th ult. The news of the event reached the Queen of England at Windsor Castle in six minutes after its occurrence in Berlin. Demonstrations of rejoicing took place at Windsor and at Berlin. The Regent and his consort appeared on the balcony of the palace amidst vociferous cheering, and thanked the populace for their sympathy.

The English papers have congratulatory leaders on the event as tending to strengthen the bonds uniting England and Prussia, and thereby assisting the peace of Europe.

THE NEW AUSTRIAN LOAN.

The *Lloyd* of Pesth says the statement that Austria is about to contract a loan is confirmed. Circulars from the house of Rothschild, announcing the approaching conclusion of the matter, were circulated on the 18th of January at the Vienna Bourse. According to a dispatch from London the convention will be signed either at the end of the week or at the beginning of the next. The loan will be fifty-two millions of Austrian florins, at five per cent.

AN IMPERIAL MEETING PROPOSED.

A report is current that the Emperor of Austria and Napoleon are to have an interview either at Dresden or Stuttgardt. It seems that the amnesty lately granted by the King of Naples, notwithstanding the coolness at present exhibited between the Neapolitan and French Governments, was formally announced to the Cabinet of the Tuileries. The *Moniteur* feels called upon to state the fact.

ITALY.

HOW CLOTILDE WAS WOOED.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "Notwithstanding the hopes of some future aggrandizement in Italy, the influence of the Emperor of the French, and the attractions of his intended son-in-law, it is affirmed that the King of Sardinia did not give his consent to the marriage of his daughter without much hesitation and some difficulty. When the matter was first broken to him, Victor Emanuel was as much taken by surprise as the public has been on learning that it was concluded. The ancient lineage of the one and the recent rise of the other may have had some weight with the descendant of the old and glorious house of Savoy, all liberal as he is in politics, and free and easy as he may be in familiar intercourse, for the prejudices of race never are really eradicated. The objections, however, are said not to have been confined exclusively to that. The uncertainty of affairs in France, the possibility of future changes—for nothing is impossible—and the inconvenience that might arise to Sardinia, owing to a variety of causes too numerous to be detailed, were urged. I suppose the parties to whom they were offered did their best to remove them—not successfully, however, as it would seem, for it required the direct intervention of a third party to induce Victor Emanuel to give his consent. When the Grand Duke Constantine was last here this alliance was talked over. His Highness's influence was won in favor of the prince, and, in compliance with the wishes expressed at Turin, its action was brought to bear on the King. Moreover, the Grand Duke asked his brother, the Emperor Alexander, to write an autograph letter to his royal brother of Sardinia. The request was complied with, and, according to this account, if his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon has obtained the hand of a princess of Savoy, it is owing to the direct intervention of the Czar. Of the sentiments of the Princess Clotilde little is said. A refusal on her part was, I dare say, never taken into account. The connection with the imperial family of France will doubtless be compensated by future advantage, and this ambition may reconcile the Piedmontese Iphigenia to her new condition. The Prince is intelligent and liberal, and so far as this ought to have weight, he is the son of a father who was a king, and of a mother who was of royal race."

WHAT THE LADY IS LIKE.

The *Times* correspondent says: "It is surely to be hoped that the Princess Clotilde will escape the reception that was extended to Eugénie. Her age and her antecedents—or rather her want of antecedents—ought to secure her. The Princess was born the 2d of March, 1843, so that she has not yet accomplished her sixteenth year. She is rather tall, blonde, with blue eyes, and a piercing glance. She is pious, but not a devotee; somewhat haughty, but full of benevolence; tolerably well instructed, and very reserved. She has been educated by the Marchioness de Robitant, a woman of severe manners, particularly attentive to heraldic studies, and a little too rigorous, perhaps, on the chapter of etiquette. The Princess Clotilde has the lip of Marie Antoinette, to whom she is related. The mother of the young Princess, who died a few years ago, was an Archduchess of Austria, daughter of the deceased Archduke Renier, and a descendant in the direct line of the celebrated Archduchess Marie Theresa. There is reason to believe that this match with the Prince Napoleon is not to the Princess's taste, but is forced upon her by her father, for whom a political alliance with France is a vital question."

THE CORBEILLE OF THE BRIDE.

The preparations for the marriage of Prince Napoleon (says a Paris letter, in the *Indépendance* of Brussels) are going on actively. The corbeille of the young bride more particularly excites curiosity. A dress and shawl of Alençon lace of great value; three India shawls of extraordinary beauty; and the diamonds of the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, which were stolen in 1815, but afterward found or repurchased by the family, will form some of the objects composing the marriage-offering of the prince. A magnificent diamond necklace is spoken of as a present from the Empress, and some blue fox and other valuable furs from the Princess Mathilde.

CURIOUS DYNASTIC COMBINATION.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "Prince Plon-Plon's marriage is itself a curious feature in these eventful times. Once more through its means, the Austrian and Bonapartist families become united. Not only this, but in the persons of the 'happy pair' the rival houses of Stuart and Guelph—the house of Hanover and that of the Pretender—are joined together. In 1807 the daughter of the King of Würtemberg, whose mother was the sister of George the Third of England, married Jerome Napoleon—hence, by the female line, Prince Plon-Plon is a Guelph. The Princess Clotilde, daughter of the King of Sardinia, descends in a direct line from Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., of England, and hence by her maternal ancestry is a Stuart—and thus the rival claimants of the English throne are united in a Bonaparte. Again, the Princess Clotilde is the daughter of an Austrian Archduchess; and so, for the second time, the houses of Hapsburg and Napoleon are joined together. *Absit omen.*"

THE OLD GENERALS ON THE WAR.

A letter writer says: "I only notice the rumor of an offer of his sword from General Lamoricière for the Italian campaign; but it does not come in any authentic shape. It is understood that Marshal Pelissier is adverse to the war project, as well as General Canrobert; but men who reaped their laurels do not care to see rivals arise to divide attention. Patrick M'Mahon, by last accounts from Algiers, was holding high festival, and giving military and civic banquets, which is a blind to the preparations known for instant embarkation of the whole African contingent."

POERIO COMING TO THE UNITED STATES.

The Naples correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the 15th ultimo, says:

"To-morrow, in all probability, Poerio and his companions will have passed from Montesarchio, at a distance from Naples, to Pozzuoli, where they will be permitted to see their friends before leaving. The *Fieramosca* and another steamer, which has had her guns taken out of her, will touch at Pozzuoli and take these unhappy men on board. After ten years in prison and in irons, under the deceptive and lying tale of a commutation of punishment, these men will be forcibly and illegally taken out of their country and transported to a distance of several thousand miles from their homes. I am told that their destination will be the United States, and there is reason for believing that, as a matter of courtesy, the Neapolitan Government has communicated its intentions to the Minister of the United States, who, as the Minister of a free country, is not in a position to enter into a treaty with any other State, either to receive or reject emigrants. Perhaps this is a fact of which it will be difficult to persuade the Neapolitan Government; but such information as Mr. Chandler could communicate, he doubtless has communicated as to the existence of the provincial commission in New York, and other commissions which watch over the state of the emigrants. I do not know whether I may rely upon an impression that I have received from a person affecting to be well informed; but if so, the Neapolitan Government will not allow its subjects to be a burden on the government of the United States.

"In Santa Maria Apparente only six have been liberated unconditionally, six on condition of going to the United States. Avitabile demanded time for making preparations. His request was sent to the King and accorded."

HAYTI.

DEPOSITION OF THE EMPEROR SOULOUQUE.

A letter from Port au Prince, dated January 14, says:

"It is now three weeks since the north of the island broke out in open revolution. The Emperor and his army had started for the seat of revolution to check their movements; but after arriving within six miles of the place, and remaining fifteen days, returned to Port au Prince without being able to do any thing, so strong was the revolutionary party. Since his return he has placed the capital in a state of siege; but General Geffrard has marched his forces, which, report says, consist of between ten and twelve thousand men, against it. He is within two miles of Port au Prince, trying to see if the old man will abdicate, so as to hinder the sacrifice of the lives of his countrymen; but he seems resolute to defend the city. Great preparations were being made for the last week. I saw no less than six wagon loads and about thirty donkeys, loaded with gunpowder, pass my door for the fort. We are momentarily expecting a meeting of the two armies. How things will end, God only knows; but up to the present foreigners and their property are respected. All places of business are closed; nothing but arms, etc., are seen in the streets, and every person walks out with pistols and sword. The transport ship *Melbourne* is still here; no arrival of any man-of-war vessels as yet. The towns that have raised the revolution are placed under blockade, and all communication cut off. It was last night that General Geffrard arrived within two miles of this place. He sent a deputation with a flag of truce, but the dispatches were refused by the General of the fort. The alarm-guns were fired the day before, which caused great consternation.

"At four o'clock A.M. the troops of President Geffrard entered the capital, which surrendered without a gun being fired, and the republic was proclaimed. Soulouque immediately made out his papers of abdication, and a guard escorted him to go on board the *Melbourne;* but the mob was so excited that he had to take refuge in the French Consulate. He is now there while I write, waiting for an opportunity to embark."

HOW SOULOUQUE FELL.

A letter from Jacmel, dated 18th ult., and received in Kingston, says:

"I have this day the pleasure of informing you that the great events of your country have taken a favorable turn. General Geffrard has been ever since the 15th instant at Port au Prince, as President of the Republic of Hayti.

"The achievement of his cause is doubly glorious, when we consider that not a drop of blood was spilled, and that things were not carried on under the influence of any personal revenge. On the 15th, at four o'clock A.M., General Geffrard entered the capital, surrounded the Emperor's house, where the latter was attended by his staff, caused them to be taken by his (Geffrard's) own guards to the French Legation, in order to keep them out of harm's way, and thus allowed him to embark (and also his family, I believe) on board the British transport *Melbourne*, to take him to Jamaica.

"As soon as General Geffrard entered the city it was spontaneously illuminated, and he was taken in triumph to the Exchange House, where he harangued the people. And thus fell the power of the barbarous Soulouque."

INDICTMENT OF THE EX-EMPEROR.

After General Geffrard was solemnly proclaimed President of the Republic of Hayti, General Soulouque was condemned to be judged before the High Court of Justice, on several accusations, as follows:

LIBERTY. REPUBLIC OF HAYTI. EQUALITY.

ACT OF FORFEITURE.

In the name of the Nation—

The Departmental Committee, sitting at Gonaives, considering that General Soulouque had abused the power which had been conferred upon him—shedding innocent blood profusely—

Considering that the whole of his administration is nothing else but a series of depredations, under which the honest citizens have fallen victims, especially the Ministers C. Ardouin, David Proy, and Jean Baptiste Francisque, of honorable remembrance—

Considering that General Soulouque has perjured the national faith in upsetting the institutions by which he was invested with the authority, he is in consequence deprived of his privileges, for having—

1. Filled the prisons with citizens, without conviction.
2. Embezzled all the funds in the general treasury.
3. Embezzled the produce of the fifth part on coffee.
4. Embezzled the produce of the sale of mahogany taken from the public lands.
5. Ordered the secret issuing of treasury bills to his own profit.
6. Organized a high-handed plunder upon the coasts by the marine, misdeeds which have compromised the honor of several Haytiens and of many strangers, in preventing them from answering to their engagements.

On all of which we ask that an action be submitted to the High Court of Justice.

Done at Gonaives, this 23d December, 1858, the 55th of the National Independence.

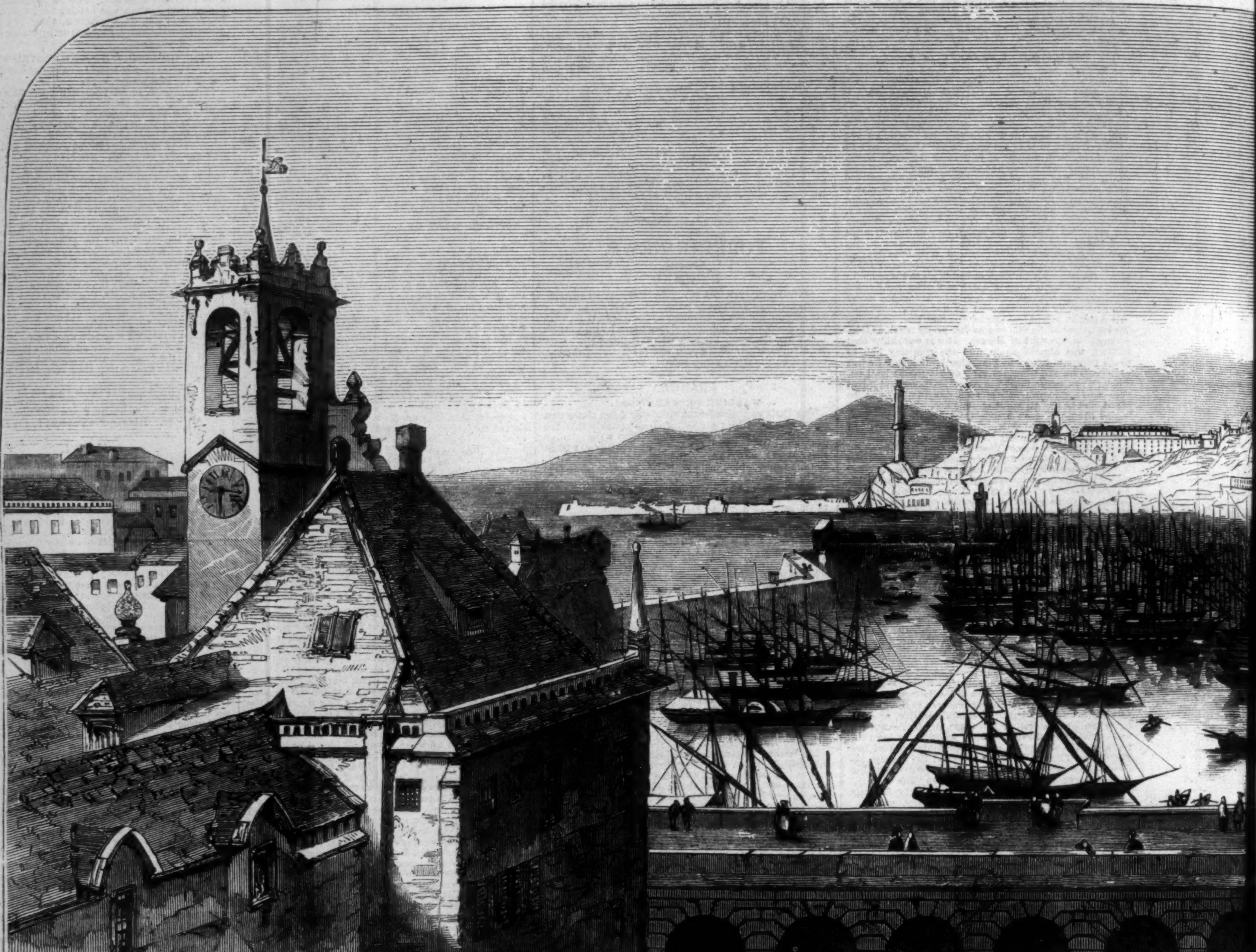
ST. AUDE,	N. SAMBOUR,
J. LAMOTHE,	MENDOZA,
ZAMOR (père),	E. MAGNY.

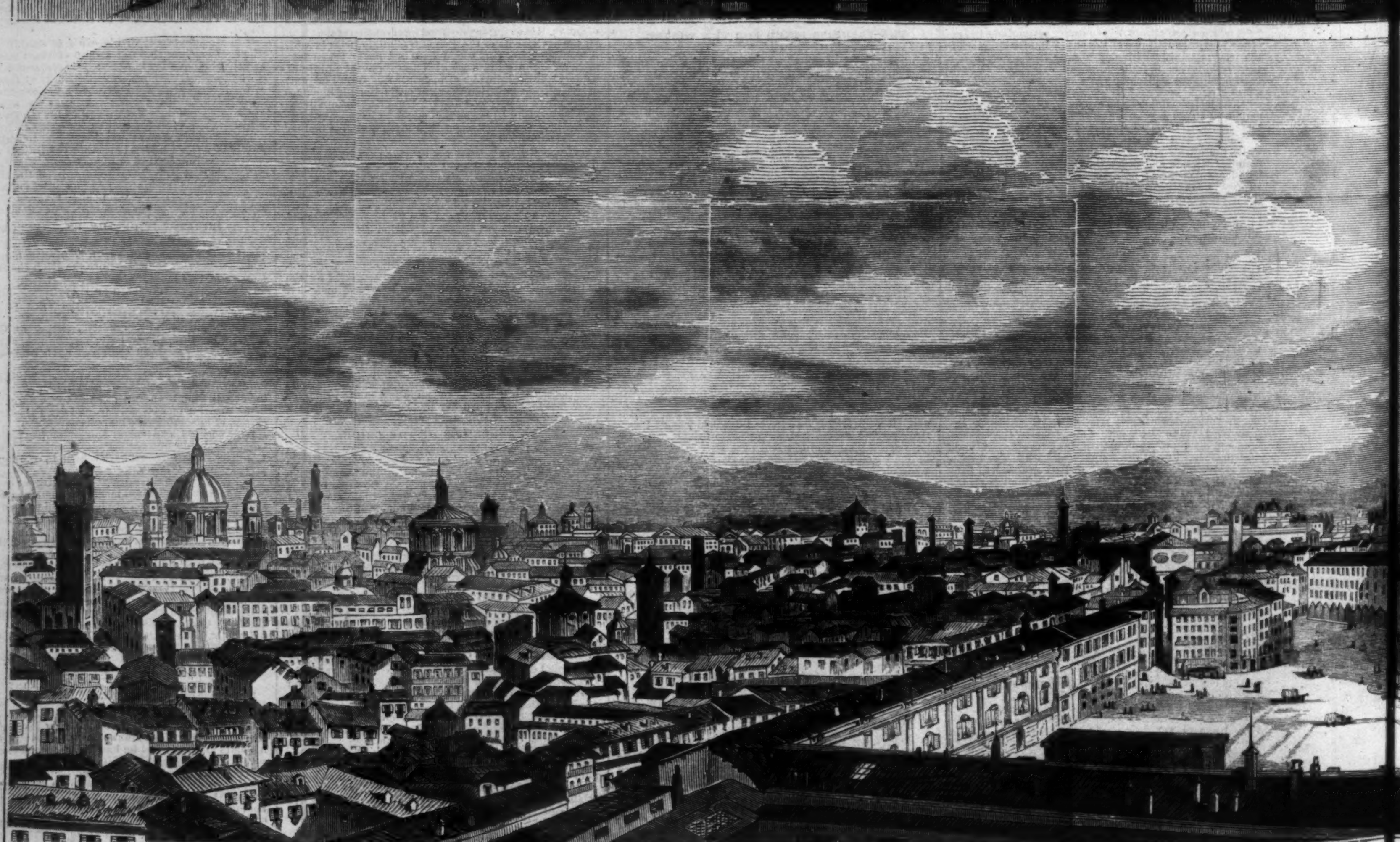
Soulouque has, however, escaped to Kingston, Jamaica.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

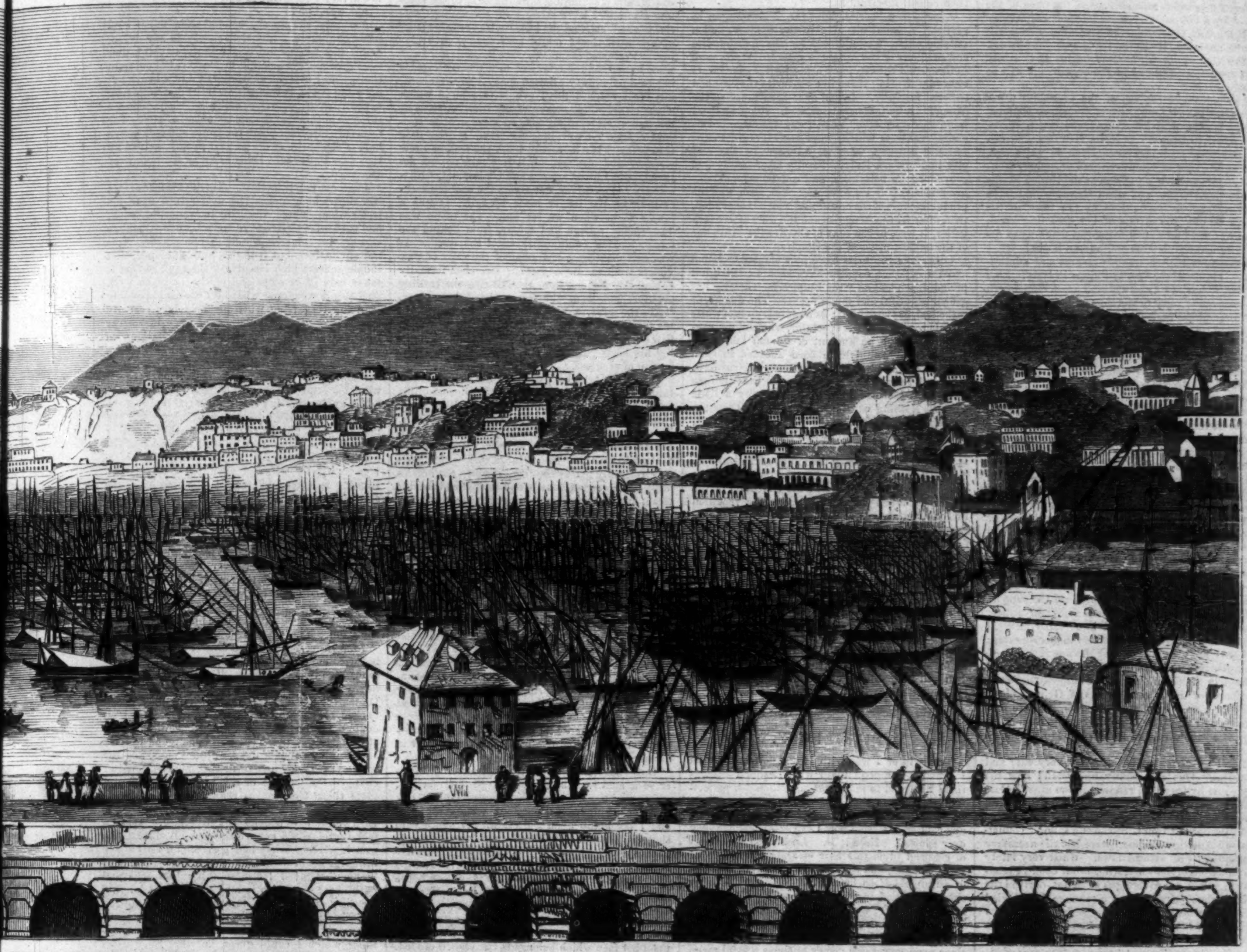
The *Herald* says: "Geffrard, the new President of the Republic of Hayti, is a man somewhat advanced in years; his hairs are gray, and he has the appearance of having seen a good deal of life. He is at least fifty years old. His manners are very popular, and he is a favorite of the people—so much so, indeed, that once before he was on the point of being arrested by the present Emperor. Soulouque has always opposed the influence of foreigners. Geffrard, on the contrary, favors it, and endeavors to gain the confidence and esteem of strangers. He is nearly black, but still has some white blood in his veins. He was at one time Governor of Jacmel; but Soulouque, being jealous of his popularity and afraid of his influence, withdrew him from that post, and retained him near his own person as one of his staff."

VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARB

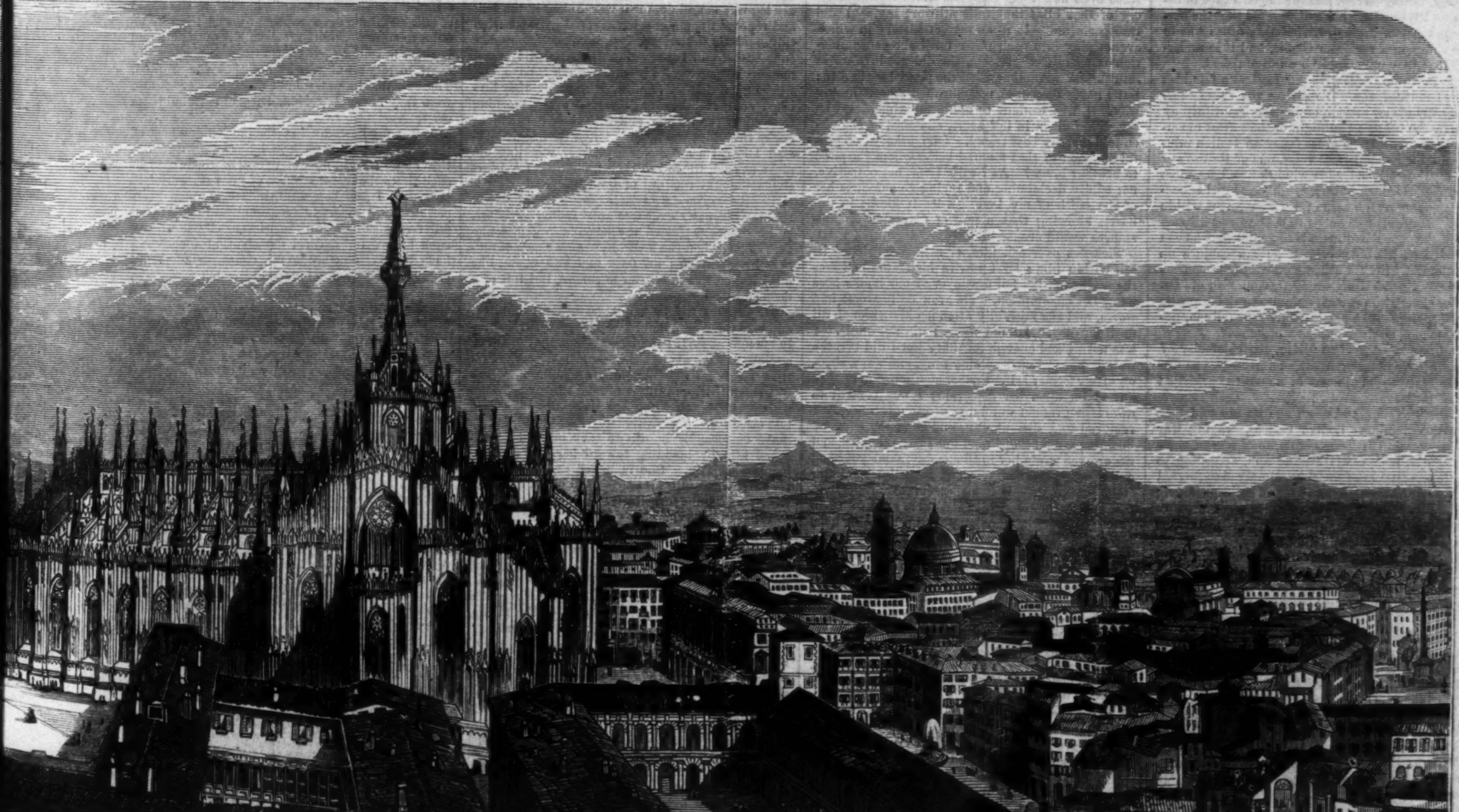



LORENZO.
OSSERVATORIO ASTRONOMICO.
ALESSANDRO.
S. SEBASTIANO.
S. AMBROGIO.
S. SATIRO.
CASERMA DI S. FRANCESCO.
S. M. DELLE GRAZIE.
S. M. SEGRETA.
PALAZZO REALE.
PIAZZA DE MERCANTI.
ARENA.

VIEW OF MI



R OF GENOA, ITALY.—[See next Page.]


DUOMO.
I. R. VILLA.
PALAZZO ARCIVESCOVILE.
S. CARLO.
PIAZZA FONTANA,
[illegible] BABILA.
S. M. DELLA SANITA.
S. MARIA DELLA PASSIONE.
COLONNA DI PORTA TOSA.

A N.—[See next Page.]

MILAN AND GENOA.

AT the present moment, when the eyes of the world are fixed on Italy, the admirable engravings of Milan and Genoa, on the preceding pages, will not be unacceptable to the readers of this journal. Before the winter of 1859–60 begins it is likely that every site depicted in the engravings will be classic ground.

The picture at the top of the preceding pages represents the city and port of Genoa, or Genova, as the Italians call it. Americans can never be indifferent to Genoa. It was a Genoese who discovered America; and three hundred years ago, Genoa, in point of commerce and shipping, occupied as pre-eminent a position as the United States in our day. Time was when Genoa would have been universally recognized as the ruler of the waves but for the claims of her declining rival, Venice. Ah! how such memories teach us to despise human convictions and human hopes!

Yet Genoa still commands respect and admiration. 'Tis one of the loveliest cities in Italy. Like Naples, it has few streets which are wide enough for carriages. Most of the thoroughfares are quite narrow, and the roofs have a tendency to overarch overhead, so that ardent lovers can leap across the lane into the room of their mistresses, and the sun hardly ever penetrates to the pavement beneath. These lanes, when one comes to understand their geographical bearings, are positively delightful. They are cool at mid-summer. In them you may travel miles without ever being annoyed by solar ray or carriage dust.

As to the great streets, they are a sort of decayed and wide Broadway. They are lined on either side with *palazzi*, which, in the vernacular, means palaces. Many of the edifices in question are, in fact, palatial, and were built for persons whose rank naturally made palaces of their dwellings. But the bulk of the houses fronting on the two or three carriage streets of Genoa, though called palazzi, are simply large and commodious dwelling-houses, not unfrequently with stores on the ground-floor. Many of them are boarding-houses. Of these some belong to the ancient merchant-prince families of Genoa, and now constitute the support of the descendants of the original merchant-prince. These are generally divided into "apartments," on the French plan; are let at very moderate rates; and are chiefly remarkable for the fine rich dirt of the staircases, and the uncommonly vigorous breed of bugs in the chambers. As at Naples, the broad pavement of these wide streets of Genoa affords room for a number of street dealers, who are prepared to sell the "forestiero" any thing, from a lozenge to a yacht, from an Italian knife to a Genoese beauty.

The port of Genoa is naturally very safe and beautiful. One can readily understand how the city came by its naval renown. One must be less than human to resist the allurements of that pure, blue, glancing, seducing bay. Naturally, every son of Adam born at Genoa becomes a sailor. Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci were but the necessary consequences of natural laws. Until very lately the monarchs of Sardinia, who, as our country readers are aware, are sovereigns of Genoa, derived the bulk of their revenue from a tonnage duty levied on vessels visiting Genoa. A steamer of 1000 tons paid something like five hundred dollars for the privilege of casting anchor [illegible] of Genoa. Latterly, Count Cavour and the modern race of intelligent Piedmontese have discovered that the natural tendency of these overwhelming taxes was to drive shipping away from Genoa, and it is understood that they have lately been diminished.

Our engraving will give our readers a fair idea of this beautiful port. To realize the scene thoroughly the reader must imagine the beautiful bay lit up by the brightest sunlight or the softest moonlight in the world; he must fancy an Italian minstrel singing, with perfect voice, one of Bellini's or Donizetti's *arias* under his window; and he must imagine that a dark-haired, bright-eyed girl is pensively gazing at the scene from a casement within view. He must remember that almost at all seasons of the year the climate is so genial that he can breakfast on his balcony. If he can conjure up this picture, with its accompaniments, he can afford to forget the ill-natured sarcasm of an old enemy of Genoa who drew its picture in the sarcastic words, "Mare senza pesci, monti senza ligno, uomini senza fede, donne senza vergogna!"

And now we travel to Milan, the chief city of Lombardo-Venetia, or Austrian Italy—just as Genoa is really—though not in name, the principal city of Piedmont.

About two thousand years ago we are told that Cornelius Scipio, a Roman Consul, waging war against certain Cisalpine Gauls, took one of their chief cities, which was Milan; and, according to the pleasant usage of the time, simply slaughtered the males, and divided the girls and children among the soldiery. This is the first mention of Milan in history. Many another city, subjected to the same fate, disappeared silently from the face of the earth, and now puzzles antiquaries to find out its long-lost site. Not so Milan. Lying in the midst of a noble and exquisitely fertile plain, with two rivers coquettishly flowing near enough to be tapped by a short canal, adapted as well for military defense as for the home of a wealthy and luxurious people, Milan quickly revived from the shock of her capture. Five centuries after the Roman conquest Milan was selected as a residence by the colleague of Diocletian. One emperor built himself a home across the Adriatic, in a region now hopelessly abandoned to unruly Servians; the other nestled into the lovely retreat afforded by Milan.

Milan's history is written in periods of five centuries. Five centuries of Roman domination, and slow recovery from the conquest and sack, culminating in unbounded prosperity and affluence; then five centuries of warfare, of sieges, and of capitulations, of destruction, bloodshed, and rapine, of natural advantages neglected, and desolated homes. A dozen times at least, between A.D. 300 and 850, was Milan taken by the barbarians and retaken by the Romans. Each set of conquerors sacked and pillaged the unhappy city. Each left it poorer than he had found it.

After five centuries, however, Milan began to revive. A canal was dug to the Sambro, and a reliable outlet was afforded for the merchandise and products of the Milanese valley. Walls were built around the city, and other fortifications were erected. During these five centuries the city had suffered fearfully. It had once been razed to the ground. It had often been sacked. It had suffered more than any other Italian city from the never-ending contests which, from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, were waged between city and city in Northern Italy. Family after family had preyed on its substance, and sought personal aggrandizement at its expense. Yet such was the productiveness of the country on which it depended, that, after all the struggles and the wars of five centuries, it was, in the time of Charles the Fifth, one of the noblest cities of the Empire.

Other five centuries have now elapsed. Milan and its adjacent country have been for the usual period dependent on "the Empire." The city has grown beautiful and magnificent. The duomo, or cathedral, has been built; its hundred spires of white marble overwhelm the spectator, who can not conceive how such an amount of human labor, and skilled labor, could have been afforded in such times. Countless other magnificent edifices have clustered round the cathedral, until the Milanese have been justified in calling their city a little Paris. Nothing can be more splendid than the churches, the convents, the palaces, the streets, and the new ten-mile walls and fortifications. Every thing has been developed under Austrian rule—even the roads—except the minds of the Italians.

The last Emperor of Austria devoted much thought and much money to the education of the Italians. When warned to beware of a rebellion in Italy, he always replied that he was teaching the Italians to read, and education would do more for him and his power than all the bayonets in the world. It hardly seems that he set a true estimate on his own administration. Letters and learning seem rather to have convinced the Lombardo-Venetians that they ought to rebel.

They rose in 1848, and were put down with difficulty. They are now about to rise again; and without intending any criticism on the Austrian administration of their Italian provinces, we may be permitted to say that their struggles for freedom will undoubtedly command the sympathy of the American world.

BLIND SUSY.

THE winter I was with Haggleton in Concord I first became acquainted with Leonora. 'Twas there I learned to know her, as I thought, perfectly. Sue knows that I have her miniature, sole relic of that love which once flamed. So white and cold are its ashes now I can scarce believe they ever glowed. Here it is. Look upon these eyes of celestial blue, this hair of amber, this face of perfect mould, and say if they be not the features of an angel—if so be that they possess form or substance; and was she not good? I from my fireside attest it; even by these Lares and Penates, who abide with me, do I swear it. Ah! how wildly and deeply I loved her no tongue can speak—since even now there comes at times a fitful memory of that bliss that falls athwart my soul and transports me. It is no perfect history in which events play into each other until the consummation is complete. No, no, she did not love me in return *then*. Another filled the place I aspired to; but I never despaired, nor obtruded myself in any way. I was content to abide my time. I won the *second* place in her heart, and was, as she often told me, her best friend. Oh mockery! oh pitiful skeleton of that favored being whom I aspired to be—her lover! As I said, I was not obtrusive, not wildly declaiming and trying to convince her of the truth of my love. I let it kindle in my heart, knowing that a puff of favorable circumstances would arouse its latent fire.

Sickness overtook him, or rather developed itself within him; for I saw in his frame and face the marks of that fell destroyer of our land whose name is Consumption. He grew daily worse and worse, and she faithfully attended him through all until he died. He did die. I did not exult. I was not wicked enough for that; but I did breathe freer. She put on deep mourning, and was a shadow of her former self. I never mentioned nor urged any claim upon her attention; I was content to await the gradual unfolding of circumstances. I removed to a distant city, and with the cares of business pressing upon me was fully occupied, and never even wrote her until one day, some year and a half after her bereavement, I received a letter from her again. It was pleasant, even affectionate, and I answered it in the same strain. Soon there came another, and another, until, seeing hope for the future, I went to the old place again. When I returned we were betrothed. *Mark this.* Life seemed fair and hopeful, and I turned to, as the saying is, with vigor. Alas! I laid flattering unction to my soul, which was as thin and baseless as a cobweb, for one day I took from the post a letter saying these cruel words:

> "I am to be married soon. My parents insist, and I can not disobey them. God be with you, as with me. I prove myself false. Know that none will look for your success in life more than LEONORA."

Look, here they are, tied up with the rest of them in a black band since the hopes they once excited are now dead. It was a cruel blow, and one wholly unlooked for. I never reproached nor upbraided her at all, merely wrote congratulating her upon her approaching marriage. Do not blame and call me cold. It was necessary to my own peace; for had I taken the course some take, I should not now be telling you this where I am, warm, well clothed, and *loved*. I could not drink or make a fool of myself by such means; so, as the surest way of affording some peace to my restless heart, I set out to visit all my native land. I saw it all—the Mammoth Cave; the falls at Niagara; and Mount Washington, blue and hazy in the summer air; and I have stood upon the rolling prairies of the West, and the hills "with verdure clad," and shouted that I might hear the echoes replying. It relieved me much. The scars in my heart were healed, and I returned to my home intending to do the duty allotted me. I say returned, but ere I reached there events transpired which changed the whole course of my life. A stone at the root shall warp an oak, so shall a little incident change all our life; for when I drew near that beloved of all earthly spots the feeling grew stronger and stronger until it would not be delayed. So I hired a horse and chaise, and, with a country lad as driver, cut across the country rather than go the longer route by rail. It was a lovely night when we set out. The moon was just rising, solemn and serene, from behind the forest, looking benignantly upon the world. It was early spring, and I smelled the odor of new violets from the little gardens stretched formally behind the pickets, from the hill-side the trailing arbutus, and from the forest the balmy pines. "Ah, the glad, beautiful world!" I shouted, in the fullness of my heart. Easily the light wagon flew over the road; and with a spirited horse flinging his heels gallantly out, it was the very perfection of progress.

General Jones's boy, who was my driver, entertained me with some refreshing experiences of his life, for which I was duly grateful; whiling away time which would otherwise have been tedious. He was in the middle of some of his hair-breadth escapes and perils, when from out a little thicket at the road-side there flew a large owl, winging his way solemnly across the road, close to the horse's head. He started a little and took the bit in his teeth, but that wretched bird, guided by the devil, and uttering shrill cries, turned in his course, and came a second time so close in his whirring flight that we dodged instinctively; and the horse, he snorted with terror, and flinging himself out in a long stride, cleared the ground like a deer. Jones's boy held on like a good fellow, and we took each a rein and strove to check him in his mad career; we might as well have pulled against the monument in the square. Away through branches meeting close overhead, through patches of moonlight and swampy roads, until, as I was deliberating whether to sit still and have my brains knocked out or jump out and risk it, the horse solved the problem. In crossing the little bridge that spans the river he gave a spring as though he would jump out of himself—he bounced the wagon over the loose boards, threw the wheel hard up against the mile-stone, and me out on my head many feet further in advance than I wish to define.

Buz—buz—the world ran round faster and faster in a mad race, my eyes spun in their sockets, my limbs were following the horse while my body remained behind, until sense and feeling all faded and I lay numb upon the earth. A sharp pain shooting through my lower limbs aroused me to partial consciousness, and I could distinguish voices crying out, "Here he is!" "Be careful!" and the like, and then gentle hands bore me into a house hard by. The motion brought on a relapse of insensibility, and how long I lay so I know not; but when I aroused it was to see a matron seated at my bedside, with that indescribable expression of peace upon her face which belongs to the chosen of God. My leg was bound up, for it was broken in the fall, and reposed upon a cushion covered with a netted tidy. Little things, my boy, impress the mind at such times, and I carry those indestructibly upon memory's page. I lay many weary days and weeks upon that bed, and what attention they lavished on me! Flowers bloomed every morning fresh upon the mantle, and with their harmonious colors revivified the room. Often during that period I heard a sweet voice blithely warbling old airs; at such times it struck a chord in my heart that I thought was out of tune forever. How it sang—the voice—as bloweth the wind at dawn, stealing through clover-tops and bending to violets, so its echoes perfumed my heart! And the mother's face, when she heard it, wore a shade of sadness indescribable; not dark and fathomless, like a spirit gone out into utter darkness, but full of a deep and tender sorrow.

By degrees the broken bone healed, reunited, and was one again, and I began to lean, suspiciously enough at first, upon it, and then, by the aid of a stick, to limp about the house, when for the first time I saw all my entertainers together. There was the father, a sturdy tree, the sinewy son, and a daughter—you know the daughter. *Leonora was there too.* Seeing that my host was about to make us formally known to each other, I anticipated him by hobbling toward her and shaking hands cordially. She managed to stammer out that "it was quite an unexpected pleasure," after which I speedily turned the conversation.

What did she there?

But there was something about my host's daughter which struck me as being peculiar. What was it? The eyes were open, the forehead high and majestic, the mouth perfect and teeth matching it, yet for all something lacked. I looked long and earnestly toward her, trying to solve the riddle, returning again and again to it, as one does to a difficult puzzle, but in vain. I gave it up; and after breakfast was over we went out into the porch to enjoy the fragrance of the summer morn, to hear the ringing of scythes and shouting of men in distant fields. I had a book, so also had Leonora, and Susy, the daughter, sat idly humming those airs whose melody I loved to hear. Ever and anon I glanced over the top of my book, trying to read the riddle in her face. She turned toward me with a question, which I was about to answer, when from the vines overhead a huge black spider fell dangling on his silken thread not a foot from her face; she never started nor quivered in a muscle, but I instinctively uttered a cry and recoiled in disgust. Leonora caught it away and trampled it under foot. She, supposing it something connected with my wounded leg, made no remark. I had it now; it was the key to that mother's look, and to the father's worship of her.

She was blind!

Abruptly closing the conversation under pretense of fatigue, I hobbled slowly to my room. Yes it was fatigue but of the heart, to think that those glorious eyes should be forever shut out from God's world of light and beauty; but when I left my room again, it was with a full knowledge how to approach her, conscious of her affliction. Do not think from this that she was an object of pity. Far from it. She went about the house and took active hold of the duties of life as well as any, guided by that dear Power who holds us all in the hollow of His hand.

I can not call it instinct. Instinct is for beasts; 'tis that which makes the deer return upon his track when hunted, the hare to wade the brook, and sends the carrier-dove home far over trackless wastes, through seas, through mountain air. It is not an instinct, but it is that sure guidance, that innate sense which He giveth the soul, so that it takes care of *its* steps and of the body as well. And then I wondered what Leonora could possibly be doing there; but when my lady host casually spoke of her niece in high terms, I knew it was her relatives whom she was visiting. Ah, talk as we may, destiny and fate are strong links in life's chain. How wonderfully the schemes of our lives are cast. Here was she who had given me the sorest wound mortal can receive, sitting opposite me at table, and conversing easily upon the topics of the day, as though the bitterest experience in life had not been ours. But I clad my heart in shining armor against her. Not a tone or spell of her voice but carried witchery in it. I basked in the rays of it. I gave wit for wit, and answered sarcasm with stinging repartee; but never offending even the sensibility of my blind companion, who every day brought me fresh flowers, who told me incidents of her life in such a simple, confiding manner that I was greatly interested; and from her I learned one day, incidentally, that the marriage of Leonora was broken off—that her lover, learning it to be a mercenary affair upon the part of her parents, that her heart had no part in, very wisely relinquished it.

Very wisely, oh yes! Curse him; triply, quadruply curse him.

I am calm, but I can not forgive him the snatching from me that hour which should have been the crowning glory of my life. I do no wrong to Susy in saying it. Not that I looked for hope again. Oh no, the past and its events were to me a sealed book, whose clasp I never wished to break to look again upon the contents. She was not happy. I often caught glances bestowed upon me in which I saw shining summer days, autumn days, and the whole year of our love; but they never altered or changed the purpose of my heart, and upon my table there bloomed, as though, like the flowers upon Aaron's rod, those blue flowers of the fields with yellow eyes which speak so plainly. Was I a fool that I could not see through all this? She was regretting what had passed, and striving to bring me again within that magic circle which was broken. Aha! I laugh to think how true and faithful *my* heart was to me; never a sad longing for the past hours now, but a peaceful life flowing steadily on. Frank, she caught my hand one night when walking in the garden, and began to say something which I could guess, but that Susy came round the corner and caught her before she could speak. What a deliverance for both! I were no man, in spite of all my stoicism, did not youth and beauty, pleading as it were at my feet, move my heart to pity; but it was not that she wanted. Those chains she would have made me wear again, were they never so golden, I would not bind them on.

It was my custom when the burden and heat of the day were over to walk with Susy adown the little village street and out upon the road; and at such times the secret springs of her soul were laid bare, and I saw how beautiful the human heart can be—such a perfect trust and faith in His unfaltering goodness and the wisdom of His ways—such a love for natural objects, that I confess I looked tenderly upon that fair young girl, deprived of that sense which I possessed in such perfection, yet walking through darkness and the shades upon the path of life with much more safety than I. She knew every turn and winding of the way, and when I was a little tired she told me of a stone bench further on where we could sit and rest. The heart of that woman is amber clear; for when we reached it she said, "Is not the sun setting now? The air smells very sweet, as though all the odors of earth arose to do him obeisance at his departure."

Yes, I said, and he fires the mountain top with his departing flame. He makes the west like a promise of youth too, all golden and of a heavenly tinge; the trees are blue, the hills smoke with glory, and waters are running fresh and clear upon their sides. All this I see, now that it is evening, and, taking off our light straw hats, the soft air of evening tossed its shining masses in many a wave; and while we sat there in happiness, there came the sound of galloping feet, and soon two horses turned the corner, the one bearing Leonora and the other Squire Barton's son. She nodded in very triumph at me as I thought; but I, too happy in my companionship to notice or care for her, civilly returned it.

Days rolled on; they made weeks, which made months, summing up the year; and the season was far advanced ere I could trust my leg for the actual purposes of life, and when I could, my heart was not disposed to obey the promptings of my delicacy which urged me to relieve them of my society. During the whole of my confinement I had communication with friends at home; so I resolved to return thither, but each succeeding day still found me inventing some excuse which seemed good and valid. Of Leonora I suffered myself to see but little, as there was that in her conduct which did not at all accord with the feelings of my heart. Barton's son was a frequent visitor at the house, and I believe fluttering in her meshes, poor fellow; but yet her heart had small part in his distress.

Walking one day with imperfect steps through the woods adjacent to the house, I became a little tired, and sat down upon a tree-trunk to rest, glancing my eye along their huge shafts, mossy and hoar with age, the guardians of the wood. I thought I detected a little different foliage than usually grew upon trees—a dress fluttering from behind them. Was some one watching me? I resolved to see. So picking my way slowly, as best I might, I advanced toward it; but it always eluded me, until tired of pursuing it I sat down again. The sun was setting, and streaming in through the long aisles and chancels of the wood in scarlet tongues, making the dead branches glow again in the semblance of life. Lost in admiration of it, I began repeating slowly to myself those beautiful lines whose authorship I know not:

> "The splendor falls on castle walls,
> And snowy summits old in story;
> The long light shakes across the lakes,
> And the wild cataract leaps in glory."

Are they not sonorous? I say I was repeating these when a branch swung back behind me, a hand laid upon my shoulder, and Leonora stood by me. I rose.

"It was you, then," I said, politely, "who so eluded my search?"

"Yes; the evening was so beautiful, I came to breathe the fragrance of the air" (her face belied her if she did). So we sat quite silently in contemplation of the beauties of the sky.

"It is like my life," she said, pathetically. "The sunset lurid, gilding over all my hopes with a shadowy and unsubstantial glow—kindling into flame those hanging boughs that shine like the lost hopes of my youth, full of a vague and lying promise. Like the wells in the desert, some dear hope always seems a little further, a little further—until I walk along the wastes of life unheeded and uneared by all; and shall go down that dark slope, into the vale beyond, unrecked by any."

I dreaded the turn the conversation was taking, and strove to change it; but she went on. Then starting to her feet, loosing her bonnet in her haste, her nostrils dilated and eye afire, she gave me a little push as if to throw me from her.

"You, too, are as the rest. You know my life, the hope and aim of it; and since I can no longer deny it, you shall hear it all. What do I care now for that delicacy of my sex which is the protection of society? Bah! see here. I break it like this (wrenching down a branch). Up to this hour I have loved you, madly, devotedly; and you, knowing the circumstances of our separation, yet doom me to a life of wretchedness and misery alone. You know not what you throw aside for the sake of a poor blind creature, who—"

"God forgive you for that, Leonora. You are mad, I think."

"Heaven help me, what am I saying? I believe I am. You have driven me to it. Your indifference, nay, your hatred of me, has made me speak words which not the stake could have forced me."

And then she changed to a wondrous tenderness, and caught me in spite of myself around my neck, and begged me to speak to her as in the old time.

"Have not I watched daily at your bedside unknown to you, hoping and praying for your restoration? Was it not I who placed the forget-me-nots upon your table? And yet you do not look at me. I would—"

"Lady," I said, calmly—she caught me in spite of me again, and bade me stop—

"I have even watched for your shadow falling on the gravel-walk, that I might know you were near; and this is my return. Trees, fall and crush, and earth swallow me, that I live to speak these words to man!"

And I?

I was so strong in my heart—triply armed against her arts by the memory of those mute eyes and that guileless heart—that her passion fell coldly on my ear; for having been *once* deceived, no earthly power could ever restore me confidence. I said, sadly,

"You ask what I have not in my power to give. Neither enmity nor malice is the motive which moves my heart toward you. That love which I once lavished has neither root nor stock which can bloom again. Ask me not, for it is beyond gift."

Very coldly and severely she drew up again—pale, magnificent, erect.

"Sir, you mistake; I am no beggar of that boon. In a moment of insanity I have spoken words which I beg you to forget; your honor, certainly, will blot out all memory of them. Our emotions and speech are sometimes beyond control. So it was with me; the melancholy feelings of my heart have led me to an imprudence which I shall ever regret. Farewell, Sir."

I would have accompanied her home, since night was falling; but she waved me away with an imperious gesture, saying,

"Our paths are widely different, Sir. Go in peace!"

She went; and I have never seen her from that hour. I believe she is still living a life of ease and utter indolence.

As for my life, Sue has brought to my heart that peace and happiness which Leonora, with all her passion, never could. When I asked her hand in marriage I told her all the history of my relations with her cousin, and she has wept with me over the memory of that stormy scene. Telling her that no nook nor any corner of my heart concealed aught save her—no door shut but where she might go in and dwell forever. It does not hold the memory of that troubled love; but it is as quiet and serene as the caves beneath the sea.

Yes, she will walk with me the path in life I go; not groping blindly, but guiding me the more surely by that inner sense which I never can obtain. So it is that, looking back upon those former years from that tower of strength, my hearth, I see those steps which look like the track of a wanderer in the desert, without hope, or object, or end; and never more shall the follies of the world or the idleness tempt my straying feet; and though others look for love and affection in the eyes of their beloved it is not there I look, for never shall they speak to me until that happy time when she shall see again, not through a glass darkly, but in the spirit, face to face.

I WOULD NOT USE SO HARSH A WORD.

I WOULD not use so harsh a word,
  I would not say, He stole;
Let not such language here be heard;
  Display more self-control.
An urchin may be said to steal
  A pocket-handkerchief;
No hesitation need we feel
  In calling him a thief.

A man may steal a horse, a sheep,
  An ox, an ass, a pig;
We hold so base a fellow cheap—
  We call a prig a prig.
Of stealing gold-dust we may talk,
  Or such an one, may say,
Stole Port St. Peters, who did walk
  With certain trunks away.

The servant you may felon call
  Who bolted with your plate;
Your lawyer, when he sunk your all,
  Did but appropriate.
He stole!—keep phrases so severe
  For rogues of lower range,
Such as the boy you sent for beer
  Who pocketed your change.

Conveyancers, if they the trust
  Of your estate betray,
By no means steal it—only just
  What the wise call convey.
Solicitors, your cash who use,
  Ye clients, though bereft
Of all your substance, don't accuse
  Of shameful common theft.

As Conquerors who operate
  Upon a mighty scale,
So lawyers, when they speculate
  With clients' funds and fail,
Widows and orphans dispossess;
  But say not that they rob;
You could affirm no more nor less
  Of any vulgar snob.

Respect the daring magnitude,
  The vastness of their crime;
Defame not, with expressions rude,
  Those spoilers so sublime.
High as the eagle, Rapine's bird,
  Aspired that lofty soul;
I would not use so harsh a word,
  I would not say, He stole.

THE GIANT WHO HAD NO HEART IN HIS BODY.

A NEW FAIRY TALE, FROM THE NORSE.

ONCE on a time there was a king who had seven sons, and he loved them so much that he could never bear to be without them all at once, but one must always be with him. Now, when they were grown up, six were to set off to woo, but as for the youngest, his father kept him at home, and the others were to bring back a princess for him to the palace. So the king gave the six the finest clothes you ever set eyes on, so fine that the light gleamed from them a long way off, and each had his horse, which cost many, many hundred dollars, and so they set off. Now, when they had been to many palaces, and seen many princesses, at last they came to a king who had six daughters; such lovely king's daughters they had never seen, and so they fell to wooing them, each one, and when they had got them for sweet-hearts, they set off home again, but they quite forgot that they were to bring back with them a sweet-heart for Boots, their brother, who staid at home, for they were over head and ears in love with their own sweet-hearts.

But when they had gone a good bit on their way, they passed close by a steep hill-side, like a wall, where the giant's house was, and there came the giant out, and set his eyes upon them, and turned them all into stone, princes and princesses and all. Now, the king waited and waited for his six sons, but the more he waited the longer they staid away; so he fell into great troubl[illegible] he should never know what it was to [illegible]in.

"And if I had not you [illegible]id to Boots, "I would live no longer, so full of sorrow am I for the loss of your brothers."

"Well, but now I've been thinking to ask your leave to set out and find them again; that's what I'm thinking of," said Boots.

"Nay, nay!" said his father; "that leave you shall never get, for then you would stay away too."

But Boots had set his heart upon it; go he would; and he begged and prayed so long that the king was forced to let him go. Now, you must know the king had no other horse to give Boots but an old broken-down jade, for his six other sons and their train had carried off all his horses; but Boots did not care a pin for that, he sprang up on his sorry old steed.

"Farewell, father," said he; "I'll come back, never fear, and like enough I shall bring my six brothers back with me;" and with that he rode off.

So, when he had ridden a while, he came to a Raven, which lay in the road and flapped its wings, and was not able to get out of the way, it was so starved.

"Oh, dear friend," said the Raven, "give me a little food, and I'll help you again at your utmost need."

"I haven't much food," said the Prince, "and I don't see how you'll ever be able to help me much; but still I can spare you a little. I see you want it."

So he gave the raven some of the food he had brought with him.

Now, when he had gone a bit further, he came to a brook, and in the brook lay a great Salmon, which had got upon a dry place and dashed itself about, and could not get into the water again.

"Oh, dear friend," said the Salmon to the Prince, "help me out into the water again, and I'll help you again at your utmost need."

"Well," said the Prince, "the help you'll give me will not be great, I dare say, but it's a pity you should lie there and choke;" and with that he shot the fish out into the stream again.

After that he went a long, long way, and there met him a Wolf, which was so famished that it lay and crawled along the road on its belly.

"Dear friend, do let me have your horse," said the Wolf; "I'm so hungry that the wind whistles through my ribs; I've had nothing to eat these two years."

"No," said Boots, "this will never do; first I came to a raven, and I was forced to give him my food; next I came to a salmon, and him I had to help into the water again; and now you will have my horse. It can't be done, that it can't, for then I should have nothing to ride on."

"Nay, dear friend, but you can help me," said Graylegs the wolf; "you can ride upon my back, and I'll help you again in your utmost need."

"Well, the help I shall get from you will not be great, I'll be bound," said the Prince; "but you may take my horse, since you are so pressing."

So when the wolf had eaten the horse, Boots took the bit and put it into the wolf's jaw, and laid the saddle on his back; and now the wolf was so strong, after what he had got inside, that he set off with the Prince like nothing. So fast he had never ridden before.

"When we have gone a bit farther," said Graylegs, "I'll show you the Giant's house."

So after a while they came to it.

"See, here is the Giant's house," said the Wolf; "and see, here are your six brothers, whom the Giant has turned into stone; and see here are their six brides, and away yonder is the door, and in at that door you must go."

"Nay, but I daren't go in," said the Prince; "he'll take my life."

"No! no!" said the Wolf; "when you get in you'll find a Princess, and she'll tell you what to do to make an end of the Giant. Only mind and do as she bids you."

Well, Boots went in; but, truth to say, he was very much afraid. When he came in the Giant was away, but in one of the rooms sat the Princess, just as the Wolf had said, and so lovely a princess Boots had never yet set eyes on.

"Oh, Heaven help you! whence have you come?" said the Princess, as she saw him; "it will surely be your death. No one can make an end of the Giant who lives here, for he has no heart in his body."

"Well, well!" said Boots; "but now that I am here, I may as well try what I can do with him; and I will see if I can't free my brothers, who are standing, turned to stone, out of doors; and you, too, I will try to save, that I will."

"Well, if you must, you must," said the Princess; "and so let us see if we can't hit on a plan. Just creep under the bed yonder, and mind and listen to what he and I talk about. But, pray, do lie as still as a mouse."

So he crept under the bed, and he had scarce got well underneath it before the Giant came.

"Ha!" roared the Giant, "what a smell of Christian blood there is in the house!"

"Yes, I know there is," said the Princess, "for there came a magpie flying with a man's bone, and let it fall down the chimney. I made all the haste I could to get it out, but all one can do, the smell doesn't go off so soon."

So the Giant said no more about it, and when night came, they went to bed. After they had lain a while, the Princess said,

"There is one thing I'd be so glad to ask you about, if I only dared."

"What thing is it?" asked the Giant.

"Only where it is you keep your heart, since you don't carry it about you," said the Princess.

"Ah! that's a thing you've no business to ask about; but if you must know, it lies under the door-sill," said the Giant.

"Ho! ho!" said Boots to himself, under the bed; "then we'll soon see if we can't find it."

Next morning the Giant got up cruelly early, and strode off to the wood; but he was hardly out of the house before Boots and the Princess set to work to look under the door-sill for his heart; but the more they dug, and the more they hunted, the more they couldn't find it.

"He has balked us this time," said the Princess; "but we'll try him once more."

So she picked all the prettiest flowers she could find, and strewed them over the door-sill, which they had laid in its right place again; and when the time came for the Giant to come home again, Boots crept under the bed. Just as he was well under, back came the Giant.

Snuff—snuff, went the Giant's nose. "My eyes and limbs, what a smell of Christian blood there is in here," said he.

"I know there is," said the Princess, "for there came a magpie flying with a man's bone in his bill, and let it fall down the chimney. I made as much haste as I could to get it out, but I dare say it's that you smell."

So the Giant held his peace, and said no more about it. A little while after, he asked who it was that had strewed flowers about the door-sill.

"Oh, I, of course," said the Princess.

"And, pray, what's the meaning of all this?" said the Giant.

"Ah!" said the Princess, "I'm so fond of you that I couldn't help strewing them, when I knew that your heart lay under there."

"You don't say so," said the Giant; "but after all it doesn't lie there at all."

So when they went to bed again in the evening, the Princess asked the Giant again where his heart was, for she said she would so like to know.

"Well," said the Giant, "if you must know, it lies away yonder in the cupboard against the wall."

"So, so!" thought Boots and the Princess; "then we'll soon try to find it."

Next morning the Giant was away early, and strode off to the wood, and so soon as he was gone Boots and the Princess were in the cupboard hunting for his heart, but the more they sought for it, the less they found it.

"Well," said the Princess, "we'll just try him once more."

So she decked out the cupboard with flowers and garlands, and when the time came for the Giant to come home, Boots crept under the bed again.

Then back came the Giant.

Snuff—snuff! "My eyes and limbs, what a smell of Christian blood there is in here!"

"I know there is," said the Princess; "for a little while since there came a magpie flying with a man's bone in his bill, and let it fall down the chimney. I made all the haste I could to get it out of the house again; but after all my pains, I dare say it's that you smell."

When the Giant heard that he said no more about it; but a little while after he saw how the cupboard was all decked about with flowers and garlands, so he asked who it was that had done that? Who could it be but the Princess?

"And, pray, what's the meaning of all this tomfoolery?" asked the Giant.

"Oh, I'm so fond of you, I couldn't help doing it when I knew that your heart lay there!" said the Princess.

"How can you be so silly as to believe any such thing?" said the Giant.

"Oh yes; how can I help believing it when you say it?" said the Princess.

"You're a goose!" said the Giant; "where my heart is you will never come."

"Well," said the Princess, "but, for all that, 'twould be such a pleasure to know where it really lies."

Then the poor Giant could hold out no longer, but was forced to say,

"Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg; and in that egg there lies my heart, you darling!"

In the morning early, while it was still gray dawn, the Giant strode off to the wood.

"Yes! now I must set off too," said Boots; "if I only knew how to find the way!" He took a long, long farewell of the Princess; and when he got out of the Giant's door there stood the Wolf waiting for him. So Boots told him all that had happened inside the house, and said now he wished to ride to the well in the church, if he only knew the way. So the Wolf bade him jump on his back, he'd soon find the way; and away they went, till the wind whistled after them, over hedge and field, over hill and dale. After they had traveled many, many days, they came at last to the lake. Then the Prince did not know how to get over it, but the Wolf bade him only not be afraid, but stick on, and so he jumped into the lake with the Prince on his back, and swam over to the island. So they came to the church; but the church keys hung high, high up on the top of the tower, and at first the Prince did not know how to get them down.

"You must call on the raven," said the Wolf.

So the Prince called on the raven, and immediately the raven came, and flew up and fetched the keys; and so the Prince got into the church. But when he came to the well, there lay the duck, and swam about backward and forward, just as the Giant had said. So the Prince stood and coaxed it and coaxed it, till it came to him, and he grasped it in his hand; but just as he lifted it up from the water the duck dropped the egg into the well, and then Boots was beside himself to know how to get it out again.

"Well, now you must call on the salmon, to be sure," said the Wolf; and the king's son called on the salmon, and the salmon came and fetched up the egg from the bottom of the well.

Then the Wolf told him to squeeze the egg, and as soon as ever he squeezed it the Giant screamed out.

"Squeeze it again," said the Wolf; and when the Prince did so, the Giant screamed still more piteously, and begged and prayed so prettily to be spared, saying he would do all that the Prince wished if he would only not squeeze his heart in two.

"Tell him if he will restore to life again your six brothers and their brides, whom he has turned to stone, you will spare his life," said the Wolf. Yes, the Giant was ready to do that, and he turned the six brothers into king's sons again, and their brides into king's daughters.

"Now squeeze the egg in two," said the Wolf. So Boots squeezed the egg to pieces, and the Giant burst at once.

Now when he had made an end of the Giant, Boots rode back again on the Wolf to the Giant's house, and there stood all his six brothers, alive and merry, with their brides. Then Boots went into the hill-side after his bride, and so they all set off home again to their father's house. And you may fancy how glad the old king was when he saw all his seven sons come back, each with his bride; "But the loveliest bride of all was the bride of Boots, after all," said the king, "and he shall sit uppermost at the table, with her by his side."

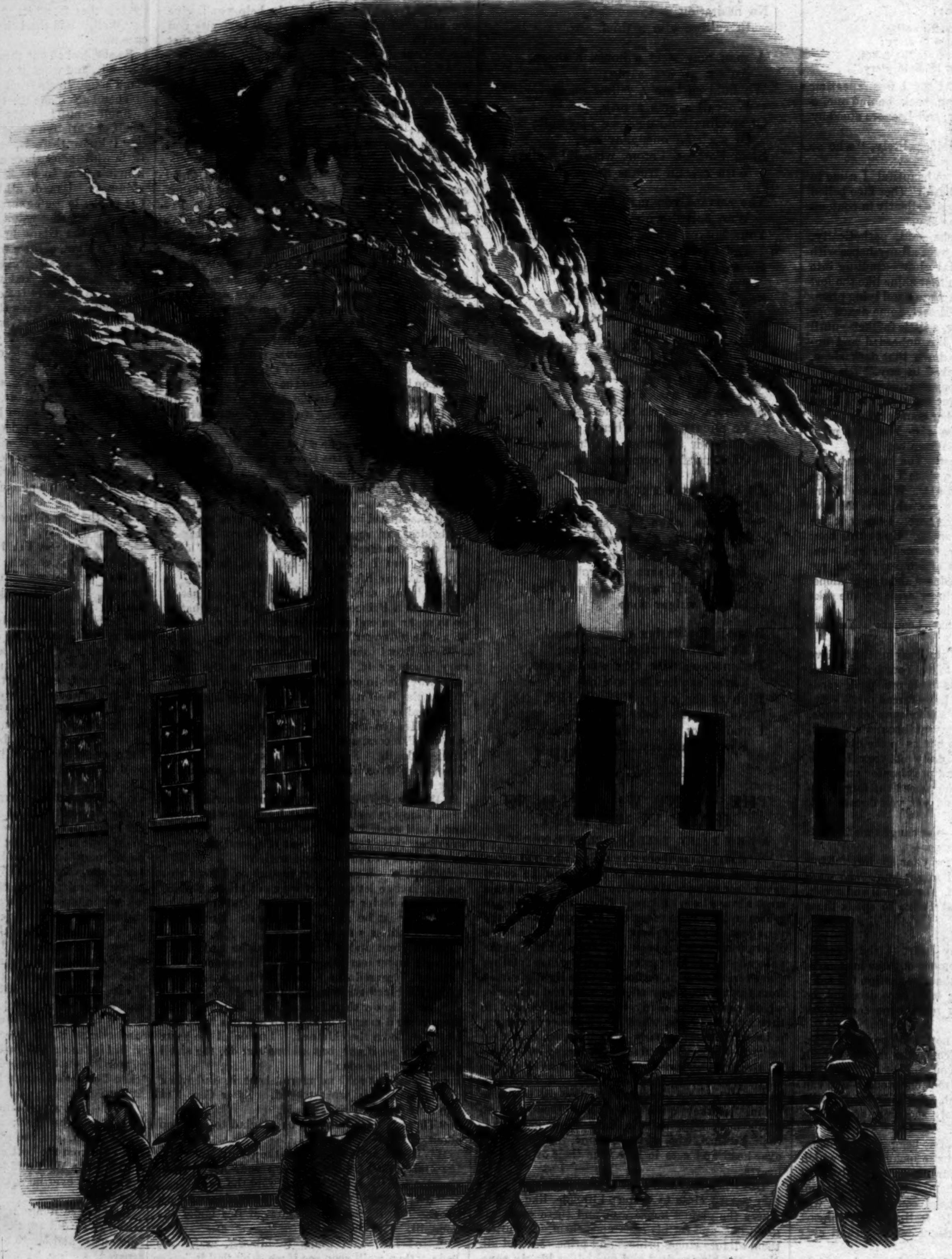
So he sent out and called a great wedding-feast, and the mirth was both loud and long, and if they have not done feasting, why they are still at it.

THE LATE FIRE IN BROOKLYN.

ON Sunday morning, 6th inst., at about 4 A.M., the corner house, Fulton Avenue and Elm Place, Brooklyn, was discovered to be on fire. The fire appears to have originated in the second or third story. The ground floor was occupied as a confectionery store. The rest of the building was the residence of a family of the name of Gill. Mr. Gill himself was absent from the city; his brother and a gentleman of the name of Graves were sleeping in the house. They state that they were awakened by the smoke about four in the morning. Mr. Graves tied the bed-clothes together, and endeavored to let himself down by them; they gave way, and he fell to the sidewalk, though without sustaining fatal injuries. Mr. T. Gill, on rising from his bed, leaped out of the window and was much hurt. Both he and Mr. Graves appear to have been paralyzed by panic.

The first firemen who arrived on the spot heard cries from persons in the interior of the building and endeavored to make their way up stairs. They were prevented by the dense smoke and flame, and were compelled to retreat. Before they could procure ladders to reach the windows it was too late. The few by-standers who were present report that they saw a girl, who proves to have been a servant, get out of a fourth story window, and endeavor to let herself down by the bed-clothes. Just as she was leaving the window the flames burst out of it; she was forced to let go her hold, and she fell to the ground, dislocating her thigh and otherwise injuring herself—it is feared, fatally. Mrs. Gill herself was seen, in an imploring attitude, at the window of her room. Her cries were distinctly heard by the persons outside. Once she approached the window as if to make her escape. But the next moment she fell backward; and five or six minutes afterward, when the fire had been so far subdued as to permit the firemen to enter the building, she, and her two little children, and one maid-servant were all found dead on the floor of the bedroom, near the window. The verdict of the doctors was, that they had perished by suffocation. The children were somewhat burned, and all were blackened by the fire; but it appeared that these injuries could not have destroyed life, and the probability is that they were inflicted after death.

The frightful catastrophe should be a warning to every one to exercise unusual care in guarding against fire. The building in which these poor creatures lived was saved. Yet at least four lives were lost, and two others are in a precarious condition. Every well-ordered house should have a fire-escape outside of the building. A ladder, securely fastened at the top, and placed against a window so bolted on the inside that burglars could not open it from outside, is an excellent thing; it will be still further improved if a piece of canvas be stretched along the ladder on the under side: so that by letting a few pillows down first, even young children may be allowed to slide down without touching the bars. The English have a fire-escape which is a sort of rope-ladder, fastened at the top and let down by cutting a cord. Any of these are better than no escape at all.



SHOCKING SCENE AT A FIRE IN BROOKLYN, N.Y., ON FEBRUARY 6, 1859.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

DETROIT, *January*, 1859.

IN running over your valuable *Weekly* for January 29, I find the notice of a new Arctic Expedition. I am sorry to say it is a great mistake in sending a sailing vessel. Nothing can be done without steam; for what can you do with a sailing vessel in a calm or light winds? A good propeller is the craft for my choice. There is plenty of coal and wood in that country.

I was in the Polar Seas several seasons with Captain Scoresby, Jun., *and was in that open sea.* Our orders were to get whales, and not to explore. Captain Scoresby made a proposal to the British Government to explore the Polar regions; but they could not agree, so he declined the undertaking of the surveys.

Captain Scoresby and I fully agree that there is a large open Polar Sea about seven degrees around the Pole. The compass has no action over 83°. We have just reason for so stating. The amphibious tribe can not live under the ice—they must have clear water to spout in. We never find them in the south waters, only single large whales scattered here and there. They are all, except the seal, up the country on regular feeding banks, where the water is green and dirty-looking. Seals we fall in with when we first make the ice, about the 4th of April. The best time of the season for killing seals is when it is very cold, and ice is making fast.

One season we were beset for about seven weeks. About the middle of May we were in lat. 79° 18′ N., on good fishing ground. Got four whales the first day. Size of whales, four, six, seven, and eight feet—whalebone all about the middle size. It became calm, freezing hard, and we got no more whales. The ice made so fast in four days that the whales, and unicorns, etc., left us: the ice was too strong; they could not get vent to blow. We are confident they go north, where it is more temperate, and where the sea does not freeze for the year round. Make a fair calculation of the great volcanic powers and boiling springs that are in operation in the Polar regions, and particularly in the eastern hemisphere. These may have some effect on the water, for there are no such large icebergs in East Greenland as there are in the western seas.

I remain yours respectfully,

CAPTAIN P. P.

AN INTERVIEW WITH BARON HUMBOLDT.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

BERLIN, 1859.

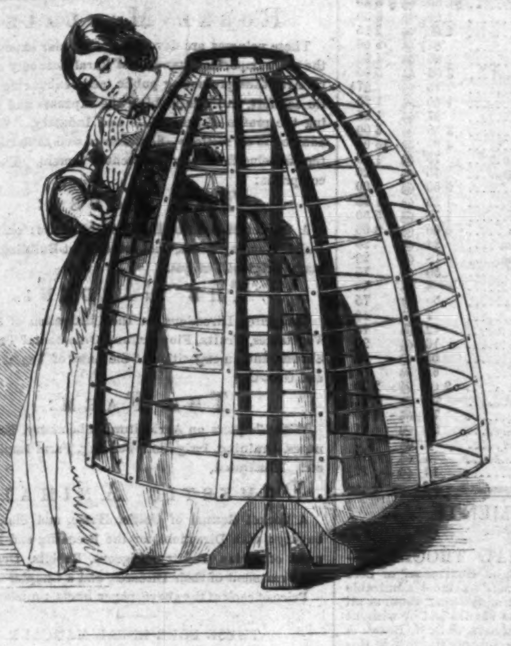
* * * * YESTERDAY, through the kindness of the American Minister, Governor Wright, we had the pleasure of an interview with Baron von Humboldt, at his residence in this city. You are probably aware that for years Humboldt has been more accessible to Americans than any other people, partly because he is conscious of the deep interest we, as a nation, feel in him, but chiefly on account of his sympathy with our republican institutions, and his love of freedom in its highest, noblest sense. Till within a short time a note addressed to him by an American, accompanied by the card of our Minister, would procure an interview. An acquaintance, amounting almost to friendship, has sprung up between our noble representative and himself; and several times, even when his state of health would scarcely warrant it, he has at the solicitation of the Governor met the Americans at the legation, and they have been presented to him. During the last few months, however, his feebleness has prevented him from making or even receiving many visits, and absolute seclusion has been at times the fiat of his physician.

Last week, Friday, Governor Wright called at his residence to inquire after his health, and finding it improving, left word with his servant that he should be pleased to present an American lady and gentleman, and the grandson of John Quincy Adams (a young man pursuing the study of law in the University here) to his Excellency at any hour designated. The next morning the servant brought word that the Baron would be happy to see us at twelve o'clock the following Monday. At the hour appointed we stopped before his house, which is not a very imposing edifice, being but two stories, and perfectly plain. A few years ago it was to be sold, and Humboldt feared he would be obliged to vacate his old apartments; when a wealthy banker stepped forward, purchased it, and sent the Baron a life lease. We were received at the door by the servant, who conducted us through the ante-room and library, packed round with books and loaded with curiosities from every quarter of the globe, to the study, which was plainly but cozily furnished in the usual German style. The Baron received us very cordially as we came in, offering his hand to each as presented; and then, leading the way, had us all sit close round his arm-chair, like children at the feet of a patriarch. In stature he is below medium height, dresses in plain black, and wears a large white handkerchief about the neck to protect his throat. He did not seem as feeble as I supposed; many men of seventy appear as aged, and remember his ninetieth year is rolling by; his step was not tottering, nor did his mind appear to have yielded a whit to time. His eye is dark blue, not fiery, but bright as a boy's; and in his conversation his face lights up till you almost forget his age. The most striking feature is his massive forehead, broad, deep, and overhanging, loaded with learning accumulated during almost a century, and even now holding its treasures perfectly available.

Our conversation was carried on partly in English and partly in German, he speaking English very well, but understanding the German sounds rather better on account of a slight defect in his hearing. He spoke of his love for America and Americans, and of their kindly interest in him. In referring to a present lately received from the President, and to his letter of acknowledgment, in which he had spoken in the highest terms of the American Minister, he remarked: "What I said about your Excellency in my letter to Mr. Buchanan is true, and what we all think." A compliment worthy of our representative, and which could not have come from a more gratifying source. He also asked Governor Wright if he could send him a copy of the President's Message, adding that he had read it in the English papers, but feared it might have been mutilated. Governor Wright took occasion to thank him for his autograph, which he had expressed his willingness to give him for a lady friend, when Humboldt turned to my wife and said: "I should be very happy, madame, to put my autograph to my portrait for you: and shall I write my name simply, or can I have the pleasure of writing, 'remembrance of Humboldt?'" This morning we received the photograph, and below he has written, "Homage of affection from Baron von Humboldt." The only Germanism I noticed was his complimenting us on our ability in speaking his language; which perhaps can be accounted for, because we talked very little. We sat and listened, and thought what a lovely old man he was, so simple and modest; one whose greatness has not destroyed his nobleness of heart, but nobleness of heart has rendered still greater.

On parting he followed us to the door, shook hands with all, and remarked to Mr. Adams that he wished he would send him his card, as he would like to remember that the grandson of President Adams had called upon him. While lingering a few moments in the library to see the books, the Baron came out to show us a very interesting specimen of copper, and tarried so long to talk in the cold room that we were impelled to intimate our fears for his health. Again we bade him adieu and closed our interview. He can not last much longer. His advanced age forbids the hope. He says himself that he shall die during the coming year.

We can never forget our visit, nor, I think, will it hereafter be deemed a light privilege to have seen and talked familiarly in his own home with the immortal Humboldt.



THE "INDESTRUCTIBLE" SKIRT.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

ARTICLE IV.

THOMSON'S CROWN-SKIRT FACTORY.

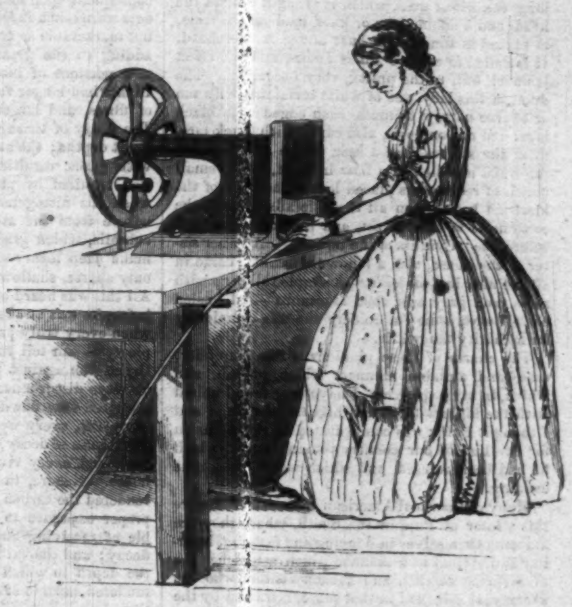
THE accompanying illustrations will introduce our readers to another of the great manufacturing establishments of New York—Thomson's Skirt Factory; an establishment which provides healthy and lucrative employment for one thousand girls, and furnishes an indispensable article of dress to from three thousand to four thousand ladies daily.

The manufacture of hoop skirts has been heretofore described in this journal. We need only add here that the peculiarities of Messrs. Thomson's manufactures appear to be an "eyelet fastening," by which the tapes and hoops of skirts are fastened, and which is said to be indestructible; a watch-spring contrivance, by whose aid a "graceful backward fall" is said to be given to the dress; a "slide" which will not slip; and a "skirt-supporter," which obviates pressure on the lower part of the trunk, and throws the weight of all the skirts upon the shoulders.

The number of girls employed by the Messrs. Thomson will average, as we said, one thousand. The wages of these girls vary, of course, according to their experience, industry, and skill. Smart girls, we are told, can easily make $4 a week, and a salary as high as $16 is paid at least in one instance. Four dollars a week, it need hardly be remarked, is very fair remuneration for labor which is neither excessive nor unhealthy. Most of the girls who work in this factory have been taken from the ranks of plain sewers, and educated to the hoop skirt manufacture. The whole establishment is under the superintendence of a woman, who from the first has exercised control over the employment of hands, the arrangement of work, and the remuneration paid. Even the accountants of the factory are women.

The quantities of raw material consumed in these large establishments are enormous. Of steel-spring wire over 300,000 yards, and of tape 150,000 yards, are used per week, making together a line long enough to reach from New York to Boston. Five hundred labor-saving machines of various kinds are in constant use; many of which produce effects almost magical. One clasp-cutting machine, for instance, produces the incredible number of 200 clasps a minute. Nor is this enormous supply excessive; for over 250,000 clasps, slides, and eyelets are swallowed up in hoop skirts daily.

The revilers of the hoop will thus perceive that it is, after all, an institution not wholly useless, inasmuch as in this establishment alone it feeds, clothes, and warms over one thousand females, many of whom have children or aged persons depending on them. We are glad to hear that the profits of the manufacture are going to produce yet another benefit. The Messrs. Thomson, we understand, contemplate the establishment of a library for their employées, and likewise propose to have a competent lecturer give, in one of the great halls of their establishment, a course of free lectures to the girls and their friends. This is not such a heartless age after all.



THE CLASP CUTTING MACHINE.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

War Rumors—Are American Gentlemen inferior to the same Class in Europe?—Pre-eminence of American Ladies—European follies in the United States—An American Hostess who will not receive Americans—Difficulties of getting into Good Society—A Soiree in the Faubourg St. Germain—La Coiffure Marie Louise—American Society at Paris—Death of Mr. Van Rensselaer—American extravagance Abroad, etc., etc.

PARIS, *January 20, 1859.*

AFTER a week of violent agitation and commotion in all Europe, it seems to be decided that, for the present, peace is not to be disturbed. It is said that, in this country, the reports from the Departments of the extreme unpopularity of the prospect of war has induced the Emperor to pause in his intentions and reconsider his daring projects, albeit not much given to such forbearance. But all this—is it not written in thousands of articles daily proceeding from the French and English newspapers?

I am making myself young again, and going into the world, for the sake of my friend Frank, to whom I introduced you last week, and in whom I trust you and your readers will feel an interest, as I do. I have long been endeavoring to ascertain what reason there is for the general idea that American gentlemen are inferior to others of their class in Europe in character, manners, deportment, appearance—in a word, in all that constitutes a gentleman. I so constantly hear it said, "Oh, the American women are charming, but spare me from the men!" Certainly this is not true of them in youth and early manhood; impossible to be better looking, better mannered, or more gentlemanly than Frank or others of his age and class. The deterioration must be the result of after influences too numerous and complicated to be fully dwelt upon here. I acknowledge that a few years does seem too often to transform these pleasing youths into careless, loose principled, loose mannered men, who appear to look upon life either as a keen race for dollars, or a lounge in which to smoke cigars and drink brandy and water. The personal attractions of American women seem to be uncontested, and so, I think, must be their cleverness, and tact, and power of moving "circumstance, the unspectual god," to their own will and pleasure, by any one who, looking on the best circles of Paris society, sees most conspicuous there "Americans" or those placed there by the adroitness and perseverance of American mothers; and I am bound to say that, in most instances, this eminence has been attained without any sacrifice of that pre-eminence in purity of conduct and strictness of moral principle which was formerly the proudest distinction of American women.

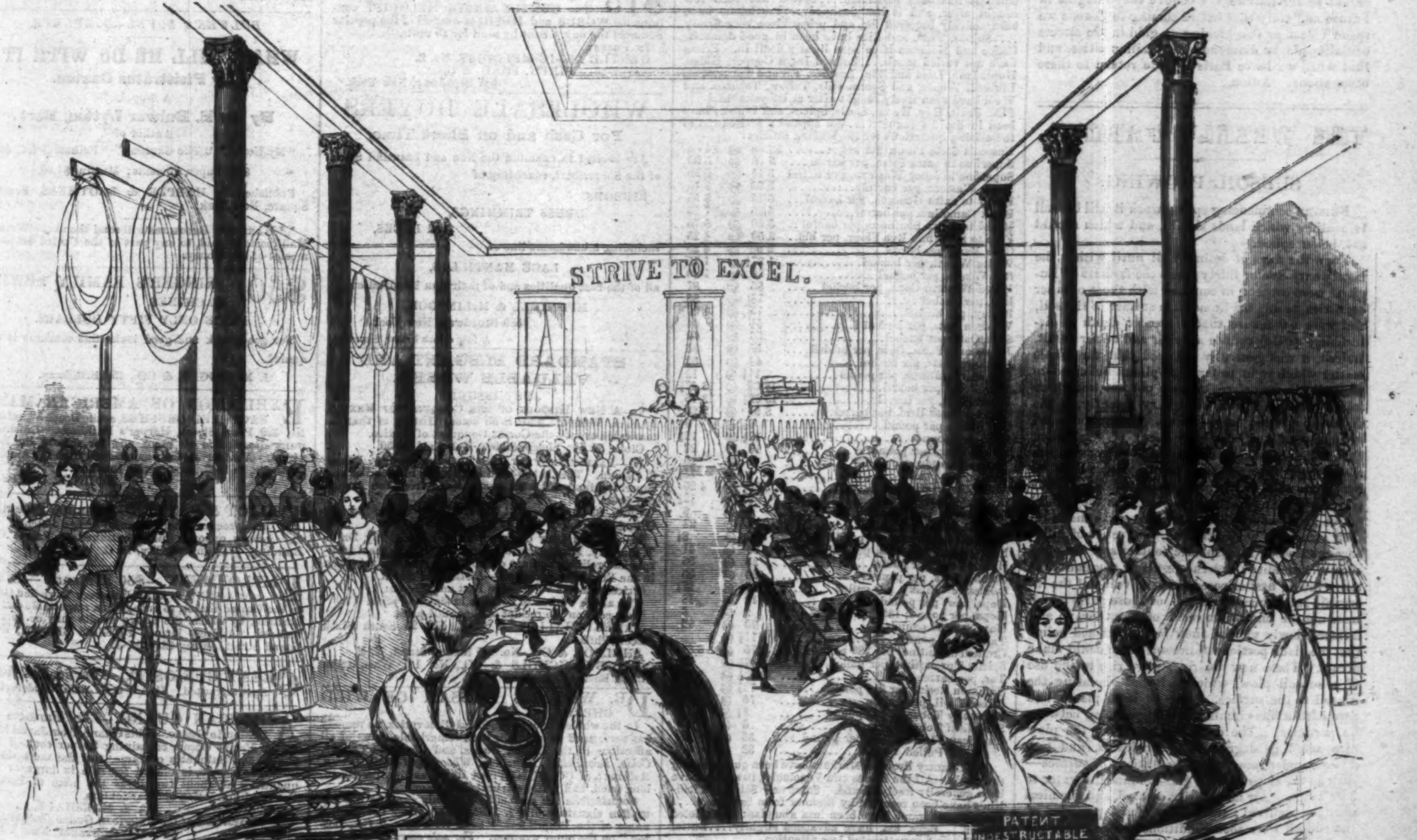
When I went back to the United States, ten years ago, I must say I was rather shocked at what seemed to be a change in this respect, and a rapid importation and glowing exhibition of European ideas, vices, and follies; but I hope it was only a fashion and a way, put on with the crinolines and the flounces, and not affecting the true worth and right feeling of the darling creatures. But to return to Paris.

It is curious enough that the only house where I have been refused an invitation for our friend Frank is an American one, and that upon the plea of his being an "American!" The lady, who has a fine hotel, where she receives once a week at pleasant, musical, and dancing parties all the best French and English society, candidly told me that she had made it a rule not to extend her acquaintance among her own country people. There were some of these whom she had known in other days whom she continued to see; but she said, "Americans are envious and scandalous, and if one has any thing in the past to discredit one, they are sure to fasten upon and to circulate it. If my father had happened to be a grocer, or my mother a milliner, I do not wish to have the fact told in my own drawing-rooms and to those whose social position has always been so established that they would consider it as a detraction from my merits."

"No," she added, "I am sorry to refuse you, and I have no doubt your young gentleman is very nice; but I must abide by my rule."

This lady prefers English society. Other American houses will receive only French, and no English duke or lord, however magnificent, can break their resolution to exclude all *his* countrymen. Others, again, open their salons to all of every nation who are properly presented, or who have any claim to the distinction; and these, I must say, are the most agreeable houses, and I see this is the impression also they have made upon Frank.

We dined together last week in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the host, himself of one of the oldest French families, had married a lady with *genuine American blood* in her veins, and who, by that right or some other, has managed to possess herself of all the graces and virtues that can adorn and dignify her sex. It is impossible to describe the charm and fascination of a social circle such as was here assembled. One of the sisters of the house who was there, the young Countess de ——, is the beauty of the day. A blonde, rosy and round in form, with soft, large blue eyes and dimpled shoulders, and her magnificent fair hair arranged



W. S. & C. H. THOMSON'S SKIRT MANUFACTORY.

in a new way, which I must describe for the benefit of her sister beauties *chez vous*. The hair is all turned back from the forehead and plaited into one long, luxurious tress, which is brought around the head, and a double bow or knot, made of the tress, is placed in the middle, just above the forehead. It is called *la coiffure Marie Louise*, and the effect is novel, but, to the pretty, very becoming. The dress of this lady was of white tarlatane, with ten or twelve narrow flounces, each edged with black lace; red ribbon bows, also edged with black lace, upon the sleeves, and a sash of the same around the waist and tied in a bow in front, and a small bunch of red flowers placed low at the back of the head. I have given all these details because the costume is of the newest, and the lady, as I said before, the "Cynthia of the minute." Another sister of the house, also a renowned beauty, came in after dinner in *demi-toilette*—a simple tulle cap with roses, and gray silk robe Montanza—and busied herself with some embroidery she was completing for a charity fancy sale.

The charm of these réunions is the simplicity, ease, and amiable manners which prevail, and which, in my experience, I have ever found united with the highest birth and highest breeding; and I thought Frank was compensated on this occasion for the loss of our countrywoman's party, which he had been refused, and which was on the same evening.

Many of the usual American *habitués* of Paris are this winter at Pau, in the South, where they are amusing themselves in dancing and feasting, hunting and riding, in a manner which astonishes the more sober English and French visitors who are every year collected in that place, attracted by the beautiful scenery and salubrious climate. The recent death of Mr. Van Rensselaer will have thrown a gloom over these festivities, which an English lady who lives there had previously described to me "as forming a memorable season in Pau annals."

What I can not forgive my country people is the senseless extravagance in living they indulge in wherever they go, spoiling and corrupting the habits of all around them, and making them extortionate and exacting for others who may not be so able to afford it. Now the South of France is the country of good things and good cooks—excellent game—fish from Bayonne—truffles—fruit, abundant and first-rate; but these Americans are not satisfied with this, but will send to Paris for their dinners and suppers; they will pay exorbitant prices for their apartments, and exorbitant wages to servants; and so next year proprietors and servants will be so exacting from all as to be quite unbearable. This lady writes to me "that the splendor of the evening-dress of your countrywomen is only to be rivaled by the splendor of their beauty." How I wish they would content themselves with being the best *gantées* and best *chaussées* of the women of the earth, which they owe to their natural perfections, and would then not indulge in other extravagances of the toilet or the table! But it is vain to preach to them; "they will not hear the voice," etc.—or, rather, they hear louder voices, which persuade them that even in a provincial town like Pau they must have a new bonnet from Laure's every week, a new dress from Roger's for every evening, their dinners from Felix, and their suppers from Very. "Live while we live" seems their motto—or, rather, while the money lasts.

Every where on the Continent you find the idea prevailing of the boundless wealth of the Americans, because they spend it so profusely. With their confused ideas of geography, particularly in regard to our continent, I believe they imagine in France and Italy that before coming to Europe we spend a year or two picking up gold in the streets of California, or diamonds in Brazilian cities, and that when we leave Paris it is to return to these occupations. Adieu.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

SUBSOIL PLOWING.

Before commencing spring work it will be well to consider which lands should, and which should not, be subsoiled.

From the days of Jethro Tull until within the last twenty-five or thirty years the farmers of England were content, in common with those of other countries, to stir the immediate surface of the soil, and were not aware that a greater depth of disturbance would produce a larger and better result. Indeed, it was generally believed that the whole matter which went to fertilize plants belonged to the immediate surface, or that portion known as *loam*—a name given, until very recently, to the disturbed portion only—which, by the combined influences of sun, air, and decay of vegetation, changes its color. The fact that the components of the soil beneath these points were all to be found as part of the integrants of plants was scarcely known, and still less so that they could not be absorbed by them, and thus go to make up their structure, until acted on by a series of influences caused by atmospheric contact and the presence of humidity; not the result of stagnant water. Liebig first exposed the true value of the inorganic substances of the soil, or those parts which were not the immediate result of plant decay; and farmers slowly yielded their long-cherished belief that the black portions of the soil alone could make plants. These new doctrines gave rise to the use of a subsoil plow, which, without elevating the subsoil to the surface, disturbed it in places, and permitted a free circulation of atmosphere between its particles. The deep cuts made by the plow also acted in degree as under-drains, and permitted, under some special conditions of surface—such as the slope of hills, etc.—redundant water to pass away. Air necessarily entered, and chemical changes occurred; the surface of the particles of the subsoil were soon conditioned so as to sustain roots, and they passed into it to greater depths than had been before known. These, in turn, absorbed from the subsoil larger quantities of inorganic matter, rendered soluble by chemical changes consequent upon moisture and air. The constituents were taken into the plants above, and portions not marketable as crops, decayed in the upper soil, adding to the greasy, unctuous, organic matter new portions of inorganic food for future crops. Plants had longer roots as well as greater number of fibres, and larger crops was the consequence. The decay of these roots in the soil left tubes to great depths; the atmosphere could come in laden with gases, resulting from vegetable decomposition required by plants; rains and dews, which wash the nitrogenous exhalations of all organic nature from the atmosphere, descended into the subsoils, which gradually changed color so as to make deep loamy soils in localities where before only sparse, shallow-rooted crops could be grown. All this was heard of by the American farmer long before he was awakened to action; and even now, when every truly practical farmer owns a subsoil plow, he can tell you of some neighbor who cautioned him against its use, and who insisted that the deep disturbance of his soil would let all the manures filter downward; forgetting that, if that were true, every well would be the receptacle of the results of decay, every spring would be a cesspool, and every rivulet but an organic charnel-house. Nature, in the wisdom of her laws, has rendered the carbon and alumina of the soil, after proper exposure to atmospheric influences, capable of receiving and retaining all the results of decay; and the value of a farm must depend upon the depth to which its surface by disturbance is rendered capable of performing this peculiar function.

Thoroughly subsoil-plowed lands soon become capable of deeper surface plowing, without injuring the crops; and if under-drained, which is but the perfection of the very principles presented in the theory of subsoil plowing, then all the mechanical conditions necessary for maximum results are secured. And when these exist, the chemical conditions follow as a natural consequence.

Among the advantages arising from subsoil plowing may be enumerated the following: The value of land for agricultural purposes is doubled; the relative amount of manure required, as compared with the amount of produce, is lessened; the farm is essentially protected from the effects of drought; all future labor of the farm is materially lessened, and thus the expenses of teams, the wear and tear of agricultural implements, are all decreased, while the quality of crops, and their quantity, are so augmented that, per bushel or per pound, they take a preference in every market.

It has been said, and probably with truth, that if the subsoil plows and under-drains of England had not been introduced up to this time, the area of land under cultivation could not have sustained her population. Fifteen years ago there was not in the State of —— as many subsoil plows as there are now founderies for casting them; and when a friend of the writer first introduced the subsoil plow he had not a neighbor who had seen one. We suppose this may be said of some farmer in every county in the United States within the last twenty-five years.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday, Feb.* 12, 1859.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been more freely supplied with Flour, at easier prices, yet the demand has been moderate. The principal varieties of Grain have been held above the views of purchasers; hence business has been restricted....Cotton has been less sought after, and it has declined....Provisions have been actively inquired for, and prices close very firmly ....Sugars, Teas, and Rice have been in good demand. Coffee and Molasses have been lightly dealt in. Prices have not varied much....Refined Ingot Copper, Hides, Hops, Iron, Lead and Tin, Leather, Tar and Turpentine, Linseed, Whale, and Sperm Oils, Tallow, Tobacco, and Wool have been freely sought after at buoyant rates.... Fish, Fruit, Hay, Hemp, Seeds, Spices, and Whisky have been in limited request....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@	$4 60
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 10	@	5 90
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 10	@	5 50
Extra Western, per barrel	5 60	@	8 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	6 10	@	8 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	6 25	@	7 25
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 50	@	8 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 50	@	4 25
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 60	@	4 25
White Wheat, per bushel	1 37½	@	1 75
Red Wheat, per bushel	90	@	1 40
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	85	@	87
Rye, per bushel	78	@	86
Barley, per bushel	75	@	1 00
Western Oats, per bushel	61	@	64
State Oats, per bushel	56	@	59
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	50	@	55
Southern Oats, per bushel	48	@	58
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¾	@	12
Mess Pork, per barrel	18 00	@	18 62½
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 62½	@	13 75
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	8 00	@	9 25
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9¾
Lard, per pound	12¼	@	12½
State Butter, per pound	16	@	27
Western Butter, per pound	11	@	20
Cheese, per pound	9	@	11½
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@	4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¾	@	12¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	23	@	28
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6¾	@	8½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	39	@	41
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	26	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	27	@	27½
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	18
Hops, per pound, 1857	2	@	6
Hay, per 100 pounds	70	@	95
Tallow, per pound	11½	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 75	@	3 81¼
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	49½	@	50
Tar, per barrel	2 56¼	@	2 87½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 72½	@	1 75
Linseed Oil, per gallon	70	@	71
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	9¾	@	13
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@	56
" Pulled Wool	32	@	45

The Country Produce Markets have been quiet, during the week. All the Fruits and Vegetables in season have been generally freely offered. Some new Salad and Radishes have been received by steamer from Savannah.... Poultry and game have been less abundant and quoted higher....Eggs, too, have advanced slightly....Butter and Cheese have attracted less attention.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 50	@	$5 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 50	@	3 50
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 25
Potatoes, per barrel	87½	@	2 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 50	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	3 00	@	5 00
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	87½
Beets, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
Carrots, per barrel	87	@	1 25
Cabbage, per 100	3 00	@	6 00
Cranberries, per barrel	4 00	@	16 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Garlic, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	6 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	1 75
Salad, per 100 heads	1 75	@	5 50
Radishes, new, per 100 bunches	6 00	@	8 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	24	@	25
Eggs, Western, limed, per dozen	18	@	20
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	8	@	12
Fowls, per pair	50	@	75
Geese, per pound	7	@	10
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	15
Ducks, per pound	16	@	20
" black, per pair	62½	@	75
" widgeon, per pair	62½	@	81¼
Pigeons, per dozen	2 00	@	2 50
Partridge, per pair	75	@	87½
Prarie Hens, per pair	75	@	1 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	37
Squirrels, each	3	@	5
Venison, per pound	6	@	10
Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@	12½

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—Whoever is troubled with Coughs, Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, will find these "Troches" a most admirable remedy. Indeed, at this season of the year, those at all inclined to bronchial complaints should not be without them. They are prepared by Messrs. John I. Brown & Son, who, as Apothecaries, rank among the first in this city, and are sold by all the principal Druggists.—*Boston Journal.*

WORTHY OF NOTE *for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption.*—Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, New York, says: "Gentlemen—I have used your *Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam* myself, with benefit, in catarrhal coughs and colds, and have known it to be used with good effect in the early stages of Pulmonary affections in families around me."

Owing to an unprecedented sale and popularity of over *thirty* years' standing, there are many counterfeits and imitations, against which the public are cautioned.

Inquire for the article by its whole name,

"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, *Boston.* Price, large, $1; small, 50 cents.

BARNES & PARK, Agents, New York.

LIGHTE, NEWTON & BRADBURY'S
PIANO FORTES,
281 and 283 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
HENRY H. HOOPER, Jr., Agent.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR,

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine.* It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handsful, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

OUR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, containing all the new Publications of the day, also greater *inducements* to Book buyers than ever before offered. *Send for a Catalogue.*

Address EVANS & CO.,
677 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF SCOTLAND, Price 50 cents.

BEAUTIES OF CALEDONIA, with a Portrait of Burns, Price $1.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

$15 WORTH OF MUSIC FOR 25 Cents. The GENTLE ANNIE MELODIST contains the WORDS and MUSIC of over 60 of the popular Songs of the day. Sent by mail for 25 cents.

In Press:
GENTLE ANNIE MELODIST, No. 2.
FIRTH, POND, & CO.,
547 Broadway, New York.

WHOLESALE BUYERS

For Cash and on Short Time,

Are invited to examine the New and beautiful Stock of the Subscribers, consisting of

RIBBONS,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
and LACES,

including a handsome line of

LACE MANTILLAS,

all of the best qualities and of their own importation.

MITCHELL & McLINTOCK,
599 Broadway, New York,
A few doors below Houston.

STANDARD ELEGANT AND VALUABLE WORKS.

JUST ISSUED.

I.—A New History of the Conquest of Mexico, by R. A. Wilson. This is an actual History of that remarkable event—the Cortez Conquest of Mexico.

Cloth, $2 50; Sheep, $3 00; Half Calf, $3 50.

II.—Palestine, Past, and Present, by Rev. Henry S. Osborn. This is the most important, instructive, and superbly illustrated work, ever issued from the American Press.

Cloth, $3 50; Sheep, $4 00; Half Calf, $4 50; Turkey Gilt, $5 00; Super Turkey Antique, $5 50.

III.—"The City of the Great King." By Dr. J. T. Barclay, Missionary to Jerusalem. "The most accurate and reliable account of Modern Jerusalem yet given in the English Language."—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Prices same as "Palestine Past and Present."

The above works are uniform in size and style.

Post-paid on the receipt of the retail price.

JAMES CHALLEN & SON, No. 25 South Sixth Street, Phila.

SHELDON & CO., No. 115 Nassau Street, N. Y.

CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO., No. 117 Washington Street, Boston.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the whole history of medical discoveries, no remedy has performed so many or such remarkable cures of all affections of the *Throat, Lungs,* and *Chest*; of *Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma*; of CONSUMPTION itself, as this far-famed, long tried, and justly celebrated Balsam.

Counterfeits are abroad! The *only* genuine has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts,*" as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, "Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston," on the outer wrapper. *For sale every where.*

SENT POST-PAID ON RECEIPT OF THE PRICE.
NEW ILLUSTRATED
RURAL MANUALS!

These volumes are devoted to a popular exposition of the more important branches of Rural Economy and Rural Art; thus promoting public taste, enhancing domestic comfort, and diminishing the expenses and increasing the profits of Rural Life and Industry. They are adapted to all sections—Southern as well as Northern interests being faithfully represented therein. The series comprises:

THE HOUSE:

A Pocket Manual of Rural Architecture; or, How to Build Houses, Barns, and other Out-Buildings, with many Original Designs.

THE GARDEN:

Comprises Directions for the Cultivation of Kitchen Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, and an exposition of the Laws of Vegetable Life and Growth.

THE FARM:

With Chapters on Agricultural Chemistry, Soils, Manures, Draining, Irrigation, Fencing, Farm Implements, etc. Illustrated.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS:

A Pocket Manual of Cattle, Horse, and Sheep Husbandry; with Directions for the Breeding and Management of Swine, Poultry, Pigeons, Rabbits, Dogs, etc., the Treatment of their Diseases, and a Chapter on Bees.

Price of each of the above, paper, 30 cts.; muslin, 50 cts.

THESE FOUR RURAL MANUALS,

Bound in one large, handsome gilt volume, may be had for $1 50. It forms of itself a Complete Library of Rural Affairs, and should have a place on the bookshelf of every resident of the country. Sent prepaid by First Mail. Address FOWLER AND WELLS,
No. 308 Broadway, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED.
SYMBOLS OF THE CAPITAL;
OR, CIVILIZATION IN NEW YORK.
By A. D. MAYO.

Contents:
I. The Hudson; or, Life in the Country.
II. The Capital City; or, Society in Town.
III. The Force of Free Labor.
IV. Man and his Modern Inventions.
V. The Gold Dollar.
VI. The Normal School and the Observatory.
VII. Pedantry and Power.
VIII. The Capital and the Higher Law.
IX. The Studios; or, Art in New York.
X. The Penitentiary; or, Crime in New York.
XI. Woman in America.
XII. The Churches; or, Religion in New York.
XIII. The Rural Cemetery; or, Life and Death.
368 pages, 12mo.
Price, $1. Full gilt, $1 50.
THATCHER & HUTCHINSON,
No. 523 Broadway, (St. Nicholas Hotel.)

THIRD VOLUME.—MARIE LOUISE HANKIN'S and FANNIE LUCELE'S
LITERARY GAZETTE.

LARGEST and HANDSOMELT MAGAZINE for 1859. Best Writers, Fashions, Engravings, and Patterns. 24 *Colored Steel Plates* and 24 *Sheets of Music* (each a foot square) during the year. Tinted covers and fine paper. Subscription $2—and a book or jewelry, worth $1, given *beside* the Magazine. *Clubs* get books or jewelry *extra* to the *full amount* of the money they send. Inclose 4 three cent stamps for Catalogues *to select from,* and specimen copy to examine. Agents paid well every where. Address
MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO.,
Office of "Daily Museum," Appleton Buildings, N. Y.

THE EX-GOVERNOR'S WILL, a Great Original Novel, by Marie Louise Hankins, commences with the Volume.

BULWER'S NOVEL—COMPLETE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?
By Pisistratus Caxton.
A Novel.
By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.,
Author of
"My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c.
8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

*** Harper & Brothers will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

$50.—SINGER'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
PRICE ONLY FIFTY DOLLARS.

For good work and good looks this machine is unequaled.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BRUSHES, at the Brush Warehouse, No. 329 Pearl Street, Harper's Buildings. Brushes of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the American Institute, in 1849, for superior Brushes.
JOHN K. HOPPEL.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

EMPLOYMENT.—$50 a Month.—A resident AGENT is wanted in every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. Address Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars *free.*—Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

AMERICAN GUANO.—To Farmers and Dealers in Guano.—This Guano, from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, containing 80 per cent. of Phosphates and Sulphates of Lime, and the most valuable fertilizer known, is offered for sale in large or small quantities at about two-thirds the price of Peruvian. For full information and particulars,
Address C. S. MARSHALL,
President of the American Guano Company,
36 William Street, New York.

Alice Learmont—38 Cents.

By the Author of "JOHN HALIFAX."

A HERO,
BREAD UPON THE WATERS,
ALICE LEARMONT.

Tales by Miss MULOCH.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c., &c.

Complete in one vol. 12mo, Muslin, price 50 cents; Paper Covers, 38 cents. New Edition. (Originally published in 1853.)

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

⁂ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of Fifty Cents.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

In point of beauty, durability, perfection of work, and capacity to perform every variety of sewing, no other sewing machines can compare with SINGER'S. New and improved machines at greatly reduced prices.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
458 Broadway.

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON'S

NEW SKIRTS FOR 1859.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE

DOUBLE EXTENSION SKIRT,

WITH PATENT EYELET FASTENINGS,

Made without Sewing.

Universally pronounced "the most perfect Skirt ever made."

THE GOSSAMER EXPANSION,

The lightest and most graceful Skirt ever produced.

THE PICCOLOMINI!

By means of clasps—this beautiful and economical garment can be taken to pieces, washed, and put together again at pleasure.

All the above have Thomsons' celebrated patent Watch Spring Bustle, and are stamped with our name and trade mark (the crown).

ALSO,

NELSON'S SKIRT SUPPORTERS,

By far the best Skirt Supporter yet invented.

For sale by the principal retailers every where,

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON,
233 Broadway, New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

For all manufacturing purposes have a great reputation honestly earned. All the products of these machines are in active demand at extra prices.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Office 505 Broadway, New York.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

ALWAYS GET THE BEST!

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER is not only the most complete, beautiful, and popular AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY, AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER published, but the one which gives most prominence to *Horticulture, Rural Architecture, &c.* Its Horticultural Department is invaluable to every cultivator of Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables, &c., whether on a large or small scale.

THE PREMIUM PLANS OF FARM BUILDINGS appearing in present (10th) volume will be worth many times its price to any one about to build or interested in Rural Architecture. The Plan of Farm House given in No. 1 (Jan. 1st), is a perfect model, having received *first prize* over sixty other designs. The First Prize Barn in this week's No. (Feb. 5th)—believed to be the *best plan* ever given in this country—is illustrated with 13 engravings, and fully described. Premium or other very superior plans of Rural and Suburban Buildings will be given as often as once a month during the year.

OTHER IMPORTANT FEATURES!

THE RURAL is the paper you want for both self and Family, whether residing in Town or Country, for while its CONTENTS are of the first order (Useful, Entertaining, and Pure), its APPEARANCE is unique and attractive. It not only treats ably and fully upon Agriculture, Horticulture, Rural Architecture, &c., but has many other distinct and carefully-conducted Departments—under such headings as Domestic Economy, Educational, The Traveler, Ladies' Portfolio, Choice Miscellany, Sabbath Musings, Useful Olio (Scientific, &c.) The Story Teller, Young Ruralist, Youth's Corner, &c.)—with a complete Summary of News, Market Reports, &c., &c. It EMPLOYS THE BEST TALENT, is universally pronounced *the Standard in its Sphere*—and the FACT that it has a FAR LARGER circulation than any other Rural Journal in the World is conclusive evidence of its great value and superiority. THE RURAL has subscribers in every State and Territory, the Canadas, &c., and is, emphatically,

A NATIONAL PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

Published Weekly, in Double Quarto Form—printed and illustrated in superior style—at only $2 a year: 3 copies for $5; 6 for $10; 10 for $15; 20 for $26; 30 for $37 50. Liberal inducements to clubs, agents, &c. Back numbers furnished if desired. Specimens, Show Bills, &c., sent free to all applicants.

Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

OUR NEW AND BEAUTIFUL FAMILY $30 SEWING MACHINES. $30.

Two Threaded—Locked Elastic Stitch, Table, &c. They are better adapted to family use and sew a more substantial seam than any other. VERNON & CO., Agts., 510 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas.

HUMPHREYS'

Specific Homœopathic Remedies, For Domestic and Private Use,

Stand confessedly at the head of remedial means for the use of the people. They are alike removed from the poisonous, dangerous, and repulsive doses of quackery, or old-school practice, the inconvenience of water-cure, or the intricate and perplexing obscurities of the usual Homœopathic books and medicines. Consisting of simple specifics for the various diseases to which they are related; put up in the form of simple sugar pellets; and prepared of ingredients neither dangerous nor disgusting, they are at once the ready resource of the parent or nurse, and are the comfort of the complaining or invalid.

They possess these positive advantages. They are harmless; no injury can arise from their use. They are simple; you always know what to take, and how to take it. They are convenient; you can give the proper Sugar Pill at a moment's warning, without hesitation or delay. They are efficient; in thousands of cases disease is arrested at once, and the system relieved without prostration or delay.

LIST OF SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

No. 1. *Fever Pills*—For Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation of all kinds.

No. 2. *Worm Pills*—For Worm Fever, Worm Colic, and Wetting the Bed.

No. 3. *Baby's Pills*—For Colic, Crying, Teething, and Wakefulness of Infants.

No. 4. *Diarrhœa Pills*—For Diarrhœa, Cholera Infantum, and Summer Complaint.

No. 5. *Dysentery Pills*—For Colic, Griping, Dysentery or Bloody Flux.

No. 6. *Cholera Pills*—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, and Vomiting.

No. 7. *Cough Pills*—For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Influenza, and Sore Throat.

No. 8. *Toothache Pills*—For Toothache, Faceache, and Neuralgia.

No. 9. *Headache Pills*—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat, and Fullness of the Head.

No. 10. *Dyspepsia Pills*—For Weak and Deranged Stomachs, Constipation, and Billious Complaint.

No. 11. *For Female Irregularities*—Scanty, Painful, or Suppressed Periods.

No. 12. *Female Pills*—For Leucorrhœa, Profuse Menses, and Bearing Down.

No. 13. *Croup Pills*—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.

No. 14. *Salt Rheum Pills*—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.

No. 15. *Rheumatic Pills*—For Pain, Lameness or Soreness in the Chest, Back, Loins, or Limbs.

A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, old mismanaged Agues.

P.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.

O.—For Sore, Weak, or Inflamed Eyes and Eyelids; Failing, Weak, or Blurred Sight.

C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.

W. C.—For Whooping-Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.

In acute diseases—such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhœas, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Erysipelas—the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm.

Coughs and Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis, and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.

In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Piles, Female Debility and Irregularities, old Headache, Sore or Weak Eyes, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles, or Catarrh, Headache, or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

PRICES.

Full set, 20 large vials in Morocco Case and Book	$5 00
Full set, 20 large vials in Plain Case and Book	4 00
Case of 15 numbered boxes and Book	2 00
Case of any 6 numbered boxes and Book	1 00
Single numbered boxes, with directions	25
Single lettered boxes, with directions	50
Large plantation or physician's case, 1 & 2 oz vials	15 00

OUR REMEDIES BY MAIL.

Look over the list; make up a case of what kind you choose, and inclose the amount in a current note or stamps by mail to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New York, and the medicine will be duly returned by mail or express, free of charge.

AGENTS WANTED.

We desire an active, efficient agent for the sale of our remedies, in every town or community in the United States. Address F. HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.

W. M. LAPSLEY, No. 25 Nassau Street.

Persons desirous of making purchases in New York of any articles, large or small, of use or luxury, from a Book to a Steam-Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, can have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, at 5 per cent. commission charge. Refers to G. L. Sampson, Esq., Cashier Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jewett & Sons, Hastings, Plimpton & Co., New York; J. D. Dameron & Co., New Orleans.

NEW BOOKS NOW READY.

NEW SCHOOL TALE.

ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE.

A TALE OF ROSLYN SCHOOL.

By FREDERICK W. FARRER (Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge). 1 vol. 12mo, Muslin. Price $1.

From the London Literary Gazette.

"It is pleasant to preface our notice of this work by a genuine conviction that it is one of the most charming and touching of books that it has ever been our lot to read. No book, since the advent of 'Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby,' has given such an admirable picture of inner school life."

Second,

MRS. UMSTED'S NOVEL.

SOUTHWOLD:

A SOCIETY NOVEL.

By MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED.
1 vol. 12mo, Muslin. Price $1.

"Southwold is a fiction of much more than ordinary merit. It has power enough to make the fortune of half a dozen fashionable novels. The society of which it treats is anatomized with infinite skill; each secret spring of its action is revealed, and its skeleton is stripped, one by one, of its false coverings, which form the brilliant and fascinating outside put forth to the world. As a society novel, it is, with hardly an exception, one of the most consummately managed and alluring books which we have ever read."

⁂ These books are sold by all Booksellers, and sent by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price, by

RUDD & CARLETON,
Publishers and Booksellers,
No. 130 Grand Street (Brooks' Building, corner of Broadway), New York.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"B. F. Williams's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potassium" is a popular remedy for Scrofula, Tetter, Ringworm, Blotches on the Face, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Leucorrhœa, and like afflictions—cures Rheumatism. I have now the control of this preparation, and putting it up in handsome style. Physicians prescribe it because they are shown the recipe.

NATCHEZ, MISS. WM. H. FOX.

ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

I desire the Members of this High Court of Morals in Medicine to give the following their consideration. I ask this for the sake of humanity:

REMEMBER:—We can not be sick, we can have no pain, but when some natural outlet for the blood's impurities is closed or inactive.

In the year 1751 this great truth was announced in the following propositions:—

That impurity of the blood, by impeding the circulation, produces inflammation or derangement of that organ or tissue where the impurity has deposited itself.

That medical men have applied different names to the derangements of each organ, according to the greater or less violence of the symptoms.

That there is but one disease. These various groups of derangements and symptoms, having impurities of the blood for their common source, and differing from each other only in degree of intensity.

The annunciator of this simple theory, of the unity and identity of disease, was so fully convinced of its sterling truth, that for thirty years he gave his whole attention to the composition of a medicine whose effect should be to remove all the blood's impurities, by the agency of the circulation, to the bowels, whose office would be to expel them from the body. Thus curing all local and general afflictions by taking away what they fed upon. He was eminently successful, after so many years of laborious research, in producing a medicine, mild in its operation, and safe under all circumstances, yet sufficiently powerful to pervade the whole system. Incapable of injuring the most tender, yet energetic enough for the most powerful constitution. Capable of being digested, and mixing with the blood, it acted on the system strictly in accordance with the laws of the animal economy. To this medicine was given the name of BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS.

A rapid glance at the uses of the blood, and the conditions upon which depend its healthy production, may dispel some of the erroneous notions and unfounded theories which have obstructed the path of inquiry, and may lead to a recognition of the doctrine for which I contend.

It is from the productive power of the blood the solids are formed and their vitality sustained. The blood takes up and carries away the worn-out particles of the body, and supplies the new ones for the repairs of the structure and the due exercise of its functions. It supplies nourishment for the growth of parts, and for the reparation of their daily waste. By it wounds are healed and those granulations formed which fill up the cavities of ulcers. Blood is requisite to the actions of the nervous system; cut off its communication, and the sensibility of a member is lost. The vigor and activity of animal life depend upon its condition, and according to the qualities of the mass when disease sets in are the chances of recovery.

From it the secretions are all derived. Bile, urine, gastric juice, saliva, &c., however different in appearance and character, all have the blood for their common source. Now, if the circulation is accelerated or impeded by foreign matters, and the digestive organs are impaired, the blood is further degenerated from a state of health; the liver becomes torpid, and performs its functions imperfectly; the lungs sympathise with the general disorder, and vitalize it but feebly. If waste particles are detained in the circulation they become deposited and form tumors and abscesses, or produce violent fevers. If the secretions are retained or deficient in quantity, dyspepsia, jaundice, and a thousand other evils follow. These various conditions of the blood produce local or general disease. BUT IT IS EVIDENT THEY ALL SPRING FROM ONE CAUSE—IMPURE BLOOD. Expel this impurity by judicious purgation and you must eradicate the disease, for disease can not be present in that person whose blood is pure. Common sense tells us this. A cumulative experience of many years has infallibly proved it. If this doctrine was contrary to reason, yet if experience should invariably prove it, we must discard reason and cling to the fact experience has taught us. But here reason and experience go hand in hand. Brandreth's pills, by restoring the blood to its primal purity and natural course, will remove disease, by whatever technical term it may be known or defined by medical men.

The theory of one disease, and one method of cure, is not supposed to be gaining ground rapidly, but the idea of the unity of disease is being gradually developed. And in schools of medicine it is even now taught "that an outward ulcer and an inward abscess, though the results of different proximate causes, are occasioned by impurity of the blood, and are cured by purging it."

THE DOCTRINES OF THE UNITY OF DISEASE, AND OF ONE METHOD OF CURE, ARE BUT THE TWO HALVES OF ONE GREAT TRUTH; AND THE EXISTENCE OF THIS ONE CURE, OR UNIVERSAL REMEDY, BECOMES A RATIONAL SUBJECT OF INQUIRY, AND IS SUSCEPTIBLE OF PROOF.

The cures effected by the use of Brandreth's Pills in the one hundred and eight years they have been before the public have placed their claims to this distinction beyond all question. Time has established their universal utility and applicability to disease. And as the medicine which can cure can also prevent disease, their prudent use during seasons of epidemics and contagions have preserved many valuable lives.

Thousands of persons in the cities and villages of the United States can be referred to, who have been restored to health by their use. By no other power than their own inherent virtues could they, for so long a period, have kept favor with the public, and have extended their reputation from continent to continent.

The undersigned has himself prepared Brandreth's Vegetable Pills for upward of thirty years, and has had opportunities of testing their sanitary properties in an extensive practice. Their value in cases of recent sickness must be observed or experienced to receive the credit they deserve. I have seen asthma relieved and gradually give way to their influence. More than this, I have known consumption cured by them even after tuberculous deposition had taken place. But rheumatism, fevers, small-pox, fever and ague, erysipelas, and violent diseases generally, soon yield to the mild but energetic sway of Brandreth's Pills. They are in truth a universal purgative, for whatever is in the blood and fluids, which has no business there; whatever and wherever the deposit of morbific matter may have taken place, this medicine, having through digestion entered the circulation, penetrates every recess of the body, and either expels, or causes to be absorbed for expulsion, every unhealthy particle. Brandreth's Pills are now given in practice by forty-nine hundred conscientious physicians in the United States. They have found that their patients may take the pills without regard to the weather or other disturbing causes; their effects, at all times, being certain and salutary. The Pills are now daily administered to youth, manhood, and old age, and are given to females under the most critical and delicate circumstances because they do not disturb or shock the animal function, but restore their order and re-establish health.

Brandreth's Pills are made of Herbs, Roots, Extracts, and Essences, and are therefore purely vegetable. No chemical production enters into their composition. The Brandreth Pills prove that there are within us faculties, both bodily and intellectual, with which certain herbs have affinity, and over which they have a power for restoring health to the body and mind.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are admirably adapted to overcome the diseases of hot climates. Their prompt action preventing congestions of the brain or viscera, and clearing away those obstructions of the intestinal canal, and those engorgements of the large veins, which occasion so many alarming symptoms, leading to rapid dissolution under the heat of a tropical sun.

By their use the blood's vitality and energy are sustained, for, by keeping it free from oppression or taint, it is enabled to withstand all those insidious approaches of disease to which persons of 'bad' blood are always predisposed.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are fast superseding every other medicine. The fact that they have been known in England and the United States for a period of 108 years, is not only an evidence of public estimation, but of their necessity to the public health.

Every one who is prevailed upon to use this inestimable medicine feels under lasting obligations to those who overcame his prejudices. And those who have become experimentally acquainted with its value, feel that their time and energies could not be better employed than in the elucidation of its sanitary—its health-producing properties. The public's servant,

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

☞ BRANDRETH'S PILLS, 25 cents per box, and those coated with sugar by a new process—12 in a box—One Shilling per box.

THE GREAT UNFINISHED PROBLEMS OF THE UNIVERSE,

With the motions of the Sun and the Planets through space, and the determination of the centre of the Stellar Universe.

By PROF. O. M. MITCHELL,

A Lecture delivered before an immense audience, Jan'y 20th at the Academy of Music, New York, just published in the Pulpit and Rostrum, No 3.

HENRY WARD BEECHER and JAS. T. BRADY'S Addresses on Mental Culture for Woman may be found complete in Pulpit and Rostrum, No. 2.

T. L. CUYLER'S Sermon on Amusements, Theatres, etc., is in Pulpit and Rostrum. No. 1.

PULPIT AND ROSTRUM, 10 cents a number, or 12 successive numbers $1 00. Sold by Booksellers and News Agents. E. D. BARKER, Publisher, 348 Broadway, New York.

SOLD ONLY BY CANVASSING AGENTS.

COOPER'S NOVELS.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

VIGNETTES ON STEEL AND WOOD.

From Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY.

A Volume Published Monthly, containing a Novel complete. Price $1 50.

Mailed free of postage, on receipt of price.

☞ AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY CITY.

W. A. TOWNSEND & Co., Publishers,
377 Broadway, N. Y.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

Every mechanic who begins the year by purchasing one of SINGER'S sewing machines will be $1000 better off when the year ends.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—GENUINE.—This long-established and popular remedy for purifying the blood, and the cure of ulcerous and eruptive disorders, may be taken at this season of the year with salutary effect by every one.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 20 to 50 pages—and from one third to one half—more reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FOR FEBRUARY.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other periodical of the day.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine have its literary and artistic resources been more ample and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the Periodical for the past as the best guarantee for its future claims upon the patronage of the American public.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received.* The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

[*From the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan.* 13, 1859.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—The fifty-two numbers of this attractive and entertaining publication, issued during the last year, have been gathered into a single volume, and now that we see them together, we are surprised at the variety, the sprightliness, and the value of the contents. There is a complete history of nearly all the public events of the year—there are ample dissertations on the leading topics—there are the graceful triflings (not always trivial, however, but profoundly instructive) of the Lounger—there are the tales and stories of Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, &c.—there are the records of jokes, new and old—and, above all, there are those striking wood-cut representations of contemporary men and things, of follies and fashions, and of customs and countries—all contained within a single volume, and to be had for a song. It is a grand picture-book of the human life of the nineteenth century, in all its phases, and in nearly all nations. Every class of readers, moreover, may be interested by it—the old and thoughtful, the young and gay; the man of business, the child and the woman.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

⁂ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HAPRER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.